

She wou'd, and She wou'd not,

OR THE

collated

perfect.

J. B. K. 1798.

Kind Impostor.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in
Drury-Lane.

By Her MAJESTIES Servants.

First Edition.

Written by Mr. Cibber.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *William Turner* at the *Angel* at *Lincolns-Inn*
Back-Gate, and *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1702.

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To the most Illustrious
J A M E S
Duke of O R M O N D.

May it please Your Grace,

OUr Late happy News from Vigo had so General an Influence upon the Minds of the People, that it's no wonder this Play had a favourable Reception, when the Chearfulness, and Good Humour of the Town inclin'd 'em to Encourage every thing that carried the least Pretence to Divert 'em. But the Best part of its Fortune is, That its appearing first this Season has given it a sort of a Title to Your Grace's Protection, by being at the same time (among many worthier Acknowledgments) the Instrument of the Stage's General Thanks for the Prosperous Days we promise our selves from the Consequence of so Glorious an Action.

An Action, which Consider'd with the Native Greatness of Your Mind, will easily perswade us, that the only Reason to suppose the Ancient Heroes greater than the Modern is, That they had better Poets to Record 'em: But from your Grace's Happy Conduct this Summer, we are Convinc'd that their Poetry may Now out-live their Greatness: And if Modesty wou'd suffer Truth to speak, She'd plainly say, What they Did falls as far short of You, as what You Did exceeds what they have greatly Said, That they Wrote as Boldly as the English Fight, and You Lead 'em with the same Spirit that the Ancients Wrote. The

Epistle Dedicatory.

The Nations publick and solemn Praise to Heaven, and under That their Represented Thanks in Parliament to you : The Universal Joy, the Fury of the Deafning Acclamations that Ecchoed Your Return, were strong Confessions of a Benefit Receiv'd beyond their Power to Repay, and to Oblige beyond that Power, is truly Great and Glorious. But Providence has Fix'd you in so Eminent a Degree of Honour, and of Fortune, that nothing but the Glory of the Action can Reward it: Th' unfeign'd, and growing Wishes You have Planted in the Peoples Hearts, are a sincere Acknowledgment, that's never paid, but, when Great Actions like Your Own deserve it, which have been so frequent in the dangerous and delightful Service of your Country, that you at last have warm'd their Gratitude into a Cordial Love; For 'tis hard to say, that we were more pleas'd with our Victory, than that the Duke of Ormond brought it us. But I forget my self, the Pleasure of the Subject had almost made me Insensible of the Danger of Offending : If I were speaking to the World only, I have said too little : But while Your Grace is my Reader, I know the Severity of Your Virtue won't Easily forgive me, unless I let the Subject fall, and immediately Conclude my self

May it please Your Grace,
You Grace's most Devoted,
most Oblig'd, and most Obedient Servant,
C. Cibber.

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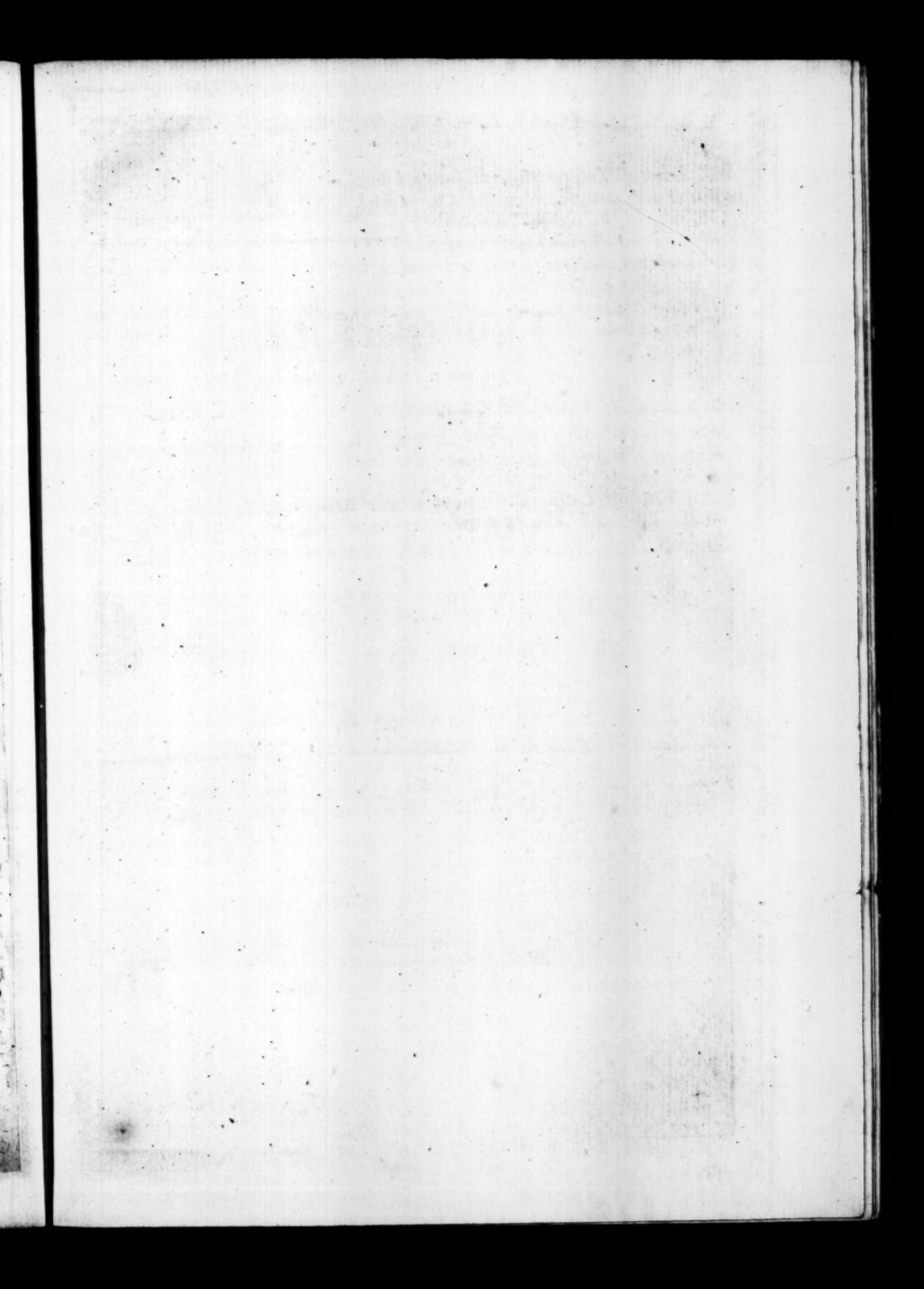
PROLOGUE.

Criticks, Tho Plays without your Smiles Subsist,
Yet this was Writ to Reach your Generous Taste,
And not in stern Contempts of any other Guest.
Our Humble Author thinks a Play should be,
Tho' ty'd to Rules, like a Good Sermon Free,
From Pride, and stoop to each Capacity :
Though he not dares, like some depend Alone,
Upon a single Character new shewn,
Or only things well said to draw the Town.
Such Plays, like looser Beauties may have Power
To please, and sport away a wanton Hour ;
But Wit and Humour with a Just Design,
Charm, as when Beauty, Sense, and Virtue Join :
Such was his Just Attempt, though 'tis confess'd
He's only Vain enough t'have done his Best :
For Rules are but the Posts that mark the Course,
Which way the Rider shou'd Direct his Horse ;
He that mistakes his Ground is Easily Beat,
Though he that runs it true mayn't do the Feat,
For 'tis the straining Genius that must win the Heat.
Ore Choak-Fade to the Ditch a Fade may lead,
But the true Proof of Pegasus's Breed,
Is when the first Act turns, the Lands with Dimples speed.
View then in Short the method that he takes,
His Plot, and Persons, he from Nature makes,
Whom for no bribe of Jest he willingly forsakes :
His Wit, if any, mingles with his Plot,
Which should on one Temptation be forgot :
His Actions in the time of Acting done,
No more, than from the Curtain up, and down :
While the first Musick Plays he moves his Scene
A little Space, but never shifts again.
From his Design no Person can be spar'd,
Or Speeches lopt, unless the whole be marr'd :

No Scenes of Talk for Talkings sake are shewn,
Where most abruptly, when their Chat is done,
Actors go off, because the Poet——can't go on.
His First Act offers something to be done,
And all the Rest but Lead, that Action on;
Which when persuing Scenes ith' End discover
The Games run down, of Course the Play is over:
Thus much he thought 'twas Requisite to say,
(For all here are not Criticks Born) that they,
Who only us'd to Like might learn to Taste a Play.

But now he Flys for Refuge to the Fair.
Whom he must own the Ablest Judges here,
Since all the Springs of his Design but move
From Beauty's Cruelty, subdued by Love:
Ev'n they whose Hearts are yet Untoucht must know,
In the same Case sure, what their Own won'd do,
You best shou'd judge of Love, since Love is Born of You.

The



The Persons.

<i>Don Manuel</i> , Father to <i>Rosara</i> .	Mr. Cibber.
<i>Don Philip</i> , flighted by <i>Hypolita</i> .	Mr. Husband.
<i>Ostasio</i> , In Love with <i>Rosara</i>	Mr. Mills.
<i>Trappanti</i> , A Cast Servant of <i>Don Philip's</i> .	Mr. Pinkethman
<i>Soto</i> . Servant to <i>D. Philip</i> ,	Mr. Bullock.
<i>Host</i> .	
<i>Alguazile</i> , and Servants.	

Women.

<i>Hypolita</i> , secretly in Love with <i>D. Philip</i> .	Mrs. Verbruggen
<i>Rosara</i> , In Love with <i>Ostasio</i> .	Mrs. Hook.
<i>Flora</i> , Confidant to <i>Hypolita</i> .	Mrs. Moor.
<i>Violetta</i> , Woman to <i>Rosara</i> .	Mrs. Knight.

The SCENE, *Madrid*.

ACT the First.

The Scene An Inn in Madrid.

Enter Trappanti alone.

Tra. **I**Ndeed, my Friend *Trappanti*, thou art in a very thin condition ! Thou has neither Master, Meat, nor Money : Not but, cou'dst thou part with that unappeaseable itch of Eating too, thou hast all the ragged Virtues that were requisite to set up an ancient Philosopher : Contempt and Poverty, Kicks, Thumps and Thinking, thou hast endur'd with the Best of 'em : But—when Fortune turns thee up to hard Fasting, that is to say positively, not Eating at all, I perceive thou art a down right Dunce, with the same Stomach, and no more Philosophy, than an Hound upon Horse-flesh——Fasting's the Devil!——Let me see!——this, I take it, is the most frequented Inn about *Madrid* ; and if a keen Guest, or two, shou'd drop in now——Hark !

Host. (within) Take care of the Gentlemen's Horses there, see 'em well rubb'd and litter'd.

Tra. Just alighted ! If they do but stay to Eat now ! Impudence assist me ! Hah ! a Couple of pretty young Sparks, faith !

Enter Hypolita and Flora, in Man's habit, a Servant with a Portmantue.

Tra. Welcome to *Madrid*, Sir ; Welcome, Sir.

Flo. Sir, your Servant.

Ser. Have the Horses pleas'd your Honour ?

Hyp. Very well, indeed Friend : Prithee set down the Portmantue, and see that the poor Creatures want nothing ; they have perform'd well, and deserve our care.

Tra. I'll take care of that, Sir, here Ostler.

[*Exeunt Trap. and Ser.*]

Flo. And pray, Madam, what do I deserve, that have lost the use of Limbs to keep pace with you ? 'Sheart ! you whipt and spur'd like a

Fox-hunter: It's a sign you had a Lover in view; I'm sure my shoulders ach, as if I had carried my Horse upon 'em.

Hyp. Poor *Flora*! thou art fatigu'd indeed; but I shall find away to thank thee for't.

Flo. Thank me, quotha! I gad I shalln't be able to sit this Fortnight: Well, I'm glad our Journey's at an end however; and now, Madam, pray what do you propose will be the end of our Journey?

Hyp. Why, now I hope the end of my Wishes— *Don Philip*. I need not tell you how far he is in my heart.

Flo. No, your sweet Usage of him told me that long enough ago; but now, it seems, you think fit to confess it: And what is't you Love him for, pray?

Hyp. His manner of bearing that Usage.

Flo. Ah! Dear Pride, how we love to have it tickled: But he does not bear it you see; for he's coming Post to *Madrid* to Marry another Woman; nay, one he never saw.

Hyp. An unknown Face can't have very far engag'd him.

Flo. How came he to be engag'd to her at all?

Hyp. Why, I engag'd him.

Flo. To another?

Hyp. To my whole Sex; rather than own I lov'd him.

Flo. Ah! done like a Woman of Courage.

Hyp. I cou'd not bear the Thoughts of parting with my Power; besides, he took me at such an Advantage, and press'd me so home to a Surrender, I cou'd have tore him piece-meal.

Flo. Ay! I warrant you! an Insolent— agreeable Puppy. Well! but to leave Impertinence, Madam, pray how came you to squabble with him.

Hyp. I'll tell thee *Flora*: You know *Don Philip* wants no Charms, that can commend a Lover, in Birth and Quality. I confess him my Superior; and 'tis the thought of that has been a constant Thorn upon my Wishes. I never saw him in the Humblest posture, but still I fancied he secretly presum'd his Rank, and Fortune might deserve me: This always stung my Pride, and made me over-act it. Nay! sometimes, when his Sufferings have almost drawn the Tears into my eyes, I've turn'd the subject with some trivial Talk, or humm'd a spiteful Tune, tho', I believe his heart was breaking.

Flo. A very tender Principle, indeed.

Hyp. Well! I don't know, 'twas in my Nature: But, to proceed— This, and worse Usage continued a long time. At last, despairing of my heart, he then resolv'd to do a violence on his own, by Consenting to his Father's Commands, of Marrying a Lady of considerable Fortune here in *Madrid*; the Match is concluded; Articles are seal'd, and the Day is fix'd for his Journey: Now, the night before he set out he came to take his leave of me, in hopes, I suppose, I wou'd have staid him. I need not tell you my Confusion at the News, and tho' I wou'd have given my Soul to have deferr'd it, yet finding him, unless I had him stay, resolv'd upon the Mar-

riage, I, from the pure spirit of Contradiction, swore to my self I wou'd not bid him stay, so call'd for my Veil, told him I was in haste, begg'd his Pardon, your Servant, and whipt to Prayers.

Flo. Well said again, that was a Clincher! ah! had not you better have been at Confession?

Hyp. Why really I might have sav'd a long Journey by it: To be short, when I came from Church *Don Philip* had left this Letter at home for me, without requiring an Answer—— Read it——

Flo. (*Reads.*) *Your Usage has made me justly Dispair of you, and now any Change must better my Condition: At least it has reduc'd me to a Necessity of trying the last Remedy, Marriage with another; if it prove ineffectual, I only wish you may, at some hours, remember how little cause I have given you, to have made me for ever miserable,*

PHILIP.

Poor Gentleman! very hard, by my Conscience! indeed, Madam, this was carrying the Jest a little too far.

Hyp. Ah! by many a long Mile, *Flora*: but what wou'd you have a Woman do, when her hand's in?

Flo. Nay, the truth on't is, we never knew the Difference between enough, and a surfeit: But, Love be prais'd, your proud Stomach's come done for't.

Hyp. Indeed, 'tis not altogether so high as it was: In a word, the Letter set me at my Wits end, and when I came to my self, you may remember you thought me bewicht; for I immediately call'd for my Boots and Breeches, a strodle we got, and so rid after him.

Flo. Why, truly Madam, as to your Wits, I havn't much alter'd my Opinion of 'em; for I can't see what you propose by it?

Hyp. My whole design, *Flora*, lies in this Portmantue, and these Breeches.

Flo. A notable Design no doubt: But, pray let's hear it.

Hyp. Why, I do propose to be twice Married between 'em.

Flo. How! twice.

Hyp. By the help of the Portmantue, I intend to Marry my self to *Don Philip's* new Mistress, and then—I'll put off my Breeches, and marry him.

Flo. Now I begin to take you: But, pray what's in the Portmantue, and how came you by it?

Hyp. I hir'd one to steal it from his Servant, at the last Inn we lay at *Toledo*: In it are Jewels of Value, Presents to my Bride, Gold Good store, Settlements, and Credential Letters to certify, that the Bearer (which I intend to be my self,) is *Don Philip*, only Son and Heir of *Don Fernando de las Torres*, now residing at *Sevil*, from whence we came.

Flo. A very smart Undertaking, by my troth: And pray, Madam, what Part am I to Act?

Hyp. My Woman still, when I can't Lye for my self, you are to do it for me in the Person of a Cousin German.

Flo. And my Name is to be——

Hyp. *Don Gusman, Diego, Mendez,* or what you please; be your own Godfather.

Flo. I gad, I begin to like it mightily: This may prove a very pleasant Adventure, if we can but come off without Fighting, which, by the way, I don't easily perceive we shall; for to be sure *Don Philip* will make the Devil to do with us, when he finds himself here before he comes hither.

Hyp. O let me alone to give him satisfaction.

Flo. I'm afraid it must be alone, if you do give him satisfaction: For my part, I can Push no more than I can Swim.

Hyp. But you can Bully upon occasion?

Flo. I can Scold, when my Blood's up.

Hyp. That's the same thing, Bullying would be Scolding in Petticoats.

Flo. Say you so? Why, then *Don* look to your self, if I don't give you as good as you bring, I'll be content to wear Breeches as long as I live, tho' I lose the end of my Sex by it: Well, Madam! Now you have opened the Plot, pray when is the Play to begin?

Hyp. I hope to have all over in less than four Hours: Wee'll just refresh our selves with what the House affords, Comb out our Wiggs, and wait upon my Father-in-Law— How, now! What would this Fellow have? ———

[Enter *Trapanti*.]

Trap. Servant Gentlemen! I have taken nice care of your Nags: Good Cattle they are by my Troth! Right and Sound I warrant 'em: They deserve care, and they have had it, and shall have it if they stay in this House— I always stand by, Sir, see 'em rubbed down with my own Eyes— Catch me trusting an Ofler, I'll give you leave to fill for me, and Drink for me.

Flo. I have seen this Fellow somewhere.

Trap. Hey day! What no Cloath laid! Was ever such Attendance! Hey! House! Tapster! Landlord! Hey! [*Knocks*.] What was it you bespoke Gentlemen?

Hyp. Really, Sir, I ask your Pardon, I have almost forgot you.

Trap. Pshah! Dear Sir, never talk of it: I live here hard by—— I have a Lodging—— I can call it a Lodging neither—— that is, I have a—— sometimes I am here, and sometimes I am there, and so here and there one makes a-shift, you know—— Hey! will these People never come?

[*Knocks*.]

Hyp. You give a very good Account of your self, Sir.

Tra. O! Nothing at all, Sir! Lord, Sir! I—— was it Fish, or Flesh, Sir?

Flo. Really, Sir, we have bespoke nothing yet.

Tra. Nothing! For shame! it's a sign you are Young Travellers; you don't know this House, Sir, why they'll let you starve if you don't stir, and call, and that like that Thunder too—— Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Hyp. Hah! You Eat here sometimes, I presume, Sir.

Tra. Umh! — Ay Sir! That's as it happens—— I seldom Eat at home, indeed—— Things are generally, you know, so out of order there, that—— Did you hear any fresh News upon the Road, Sir?

Hyp. Only, Sir, that the King of *France* lost a great Horse-match upon the *Alps* 'tother day.

Tra. Hah! A very odd place for an Horse-Race—— but the King of *France* may do any thing—— Did you come that way, Gentlemen, or—— Hey! [*Knocks.*]

[*Enter Host.*]

Host. Did you call, Gentlemen?

Tra. Yes, and Bawl too, Sir: Here, the Gentlemen are almost Famisht, and no Body comes near 'em: What have you in the House now, that will be Ready presently.

Host. You may have what you please, Sir.

Hyp. Can you get us a Partridge?

Host. Sir, we have no Partridges: But we'll get you what you please in a moment. We have a very good Neck of Mutton, Sir, if you please it shall be clapt down in a moment.

Hyp. Have you no Pidgeons, or Chickens?

Host. Truly, Sir, we have no Fowl in the House at present. If you please you may have any thing else in a moment.

Hyp. Then, prithee, get us some young Rabbits.

Host. Upon my word, Sir, Rabbits are so scarce, they are not to be had for money.

Flo. Have you any Fish?

Host. Fish! Sir, I drest yesterday the finest Dish that ever came upon a Table; I am sorry we have none left, Sir; but, if you please, you may have any thing else in a moment.

Tra. Pox on thee, hast thou nothing but Any-thing-Elles in the House?

Host. Very good Mutton, Sir.

Hyp. Prithee get us a Brest then.

Host. Brest! Don't you love the Neck, Sir?

Hyp. Have you nothing in the House but the Neck?

Host.

Host. Really, Sir, we don't use to be so Unprovided ; but, at present, we have Nothing else left.

Tra. Faith, Sir, I don't know but a Nothing-Else may be very good Mear, when an Any-thing-Else is not to be had.

Hyp. Then, prithee Friend, let's have thy Neck of Mutton before that's gone too.

Tra. Sir, he shall lay it down this minute ; I'll see it done, Gentlemen, I'll wait upon you presently. For a minute I must beg your Pardon, and leave to lay the Cloath my self.

Hyp. By no means, Sir.

Tra. No Ceremony, dear Sir ; indeed I'll do't. [*Ex. Host. and Tra.*]

Hyp. What can this familiar Puppy be ?

Flo. With much ado I have recollected his Face : Don't you remember, Madam, about two or three Years ago *Don Philip* had a trusty Servant call'd *Trappanti*, that us'd now and then to slip a Note into your hand, as you came from Church ?

Hyp. Is this he, that *Philip* turn'd away, for saying I was as proud as a Beauty, and Homely enough to be good Humour'd ?

Flo. The very same, I assure you ; only, as you see, starving has alter'd his Air a little.

Hyp. Poor Fellow, I am concern'd for him : What makes him so far from *Sevill* ?

Flo. I am afraid all Places are alike to him.

Hyp. I have a great mind to take him into my service, his Assurance may be useful, as my Cafe stands.

Flo. You wou'd not tell him who you are ?

Hyp. There's no occasion for it— I'll talk with him.

[*Re-enter Trappanti.*]

Tra. Your Dinner's upon the Spit, Gentlemen ; and the Cloath's laid in the best Room—— Are not you for a Whet, Sir ? What Wine ? What Wine ? Hey !

Flo. We give you trouble, Sir.

Tra. Not in the least, Sir,—— Hey !

[*Knocks.*]

[*Enter Host.*]

Host. 'Call, Gentlemen ?

Hyp. Ay ! What Wine have you ?

Host. What sort you please, Sir ?

Flo. Sir, will you please to Name it ?—— [*To Tra.*]

Tra. Nay, pray Sir.

Hyp. No Ceremony, dear Sir : Upon my word you shall.

Tra. Upon my Soul you'll make me leave you, Gentlemen.

Hyp. Come! come! no words! prithee, you shall.

Tra. Pfhah! but why this among Friends now— here! have you any right *Galicia*?

Hof. The best in *Spain*, I warrant it.

Tra. Let's tast it, if it be good; set us out half a dozen Bottles for Dinner.

Hof. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit Hof.*]

Flo. Who says this Fellow's a starving now? On my Conscience the Rogue has more Impudence than a Lover at Midnight.

Hyp. Hang him 'tis inoffensive, I'll humour him—— Pray Sir, (for I find we are like to be better acquainted) therefore I hope you won't take my Question ill——

Tra. O dear Sir.

Hyp. What Profession may you be of?

Tra. Profession, Sir,— I— I— Ods'me! here's the Wine, [*Enter Hof.*] come! fill out— hold— hold— let me tast it first— you Blockhead, wou'd you have the Gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good, or not? [*Drinks.*] —Yes, 'twill do—— Give me the Bottle, I'll fill my self. Now, Sir, is not that a Glas of right Wine.

Hyp. Extreemly good indeed—— But, Sir, as to my Question.

Tra. I am afraid, Sir, that Mutton won't be enough for us all.

Hyp. O, Pray Sir, speak what you please.

Tra. Sir, your Most Humble Servant—— Here, Master! Prithe get us a —— Ha! Ay! Get us a Dozen of Poarcht Eggs, a Dozen, dy'e hear—— just to—— pop down a little.

Hof. Yes, Sir.

[*Going.*]

Tra. Friend! —— Let their be a little slice of Bacon to every one of 'em.

Hof. Yes, Sir.

[*Going*]

Hyp. But, Sir——

Tra. Ods'o! I had like to have forgot—— here, a —— *Sancho!* *Sancho!* ay, is not your Name *Sancho!*

Hof. *Diego*, Sir.

Tra. Oh! Ay, *Diego!* That's true, indeed, *Diego*: Humh!

Hyp. I must e'en let him alone, there's no putting in a word till his Mouth's full.

Tra. Come here's to thee *Diego*——
That I shou'd forget thy Name tho'.

[*Drinks and fills again.*]

Hof. No great harm, Sir.

Tra. *Diego!* Hah! a very pretty Name, faith—— I think you are Married, are not you *Diego?*

Hof. Ay! ay! Sir.

Tra. Hah! How many Children

Hof. Nine Girls, and a Boy, Sir.

Tra.

Tra. Hah! Nine Girls—— come here's to the again, *Diego*—— Nine Girls! A stirring Woman, I dare say! A good Housewife, ha! *Diego*.

Hof. Pretty well, Sir.

Tra. Makes all her Pickles her self, I warrant you—— does she do Olives well?

Hof. Will you be pleas'd to Taste 'em, Sir.

Tra. Taste 'em! Humh! Prithee let's have a Plate, *Diego*.

Hof. Yes, Sir.

Hyp. And our Dinner, as soon as you please, Sir: When it's ready call us.

Hof. Yes, Sir.

[*Ex. Hof.*]

Hyp. But, Sir, I was asking you of your Profession.

Tra. Profession! really, Sir, I don't use to Profess much, I am a plain-dealing sort of a Man, if I say I'll serve a Gentleman, he may depend upon me.

Flo. Have you ever serv'd, Sir?

Tra. Not these two last Campaigns.

Hyp. How so?

Tra. Some words with my superior Officer, I was a little too free in speaking my Mind to him.

Hyp. Don't you think of serving again, Sir?

Tra. If a good Post falls in my way.

Hyp. I believe I cou'd help you.

Tra. Pray, Sir, when you serv'd last, did you take Pay, or Wages.

Tra. Pay, Sir?—— Yes, Sir, I was pay'd, clear'd Subsistence and Arrears to a Farthing.

Hyp. And your late Commander's Name was——

Tra. Don Philip de las Torres.

Hyp. Of Seville?

Tra. Of Seville.

Hyp. Sir, your most humble Servant. You need not be Curious; for I am sure you don't know me, tho' I do you, and your Condition, which I dare promise you to mend upon our better Acquaintance, and your first step to Deserve it is to Answer me Honestly to a few Questions: Keep your Assurance still, it may do me service, I shall like you better for it: Come, here's to Encourage you.

[*Gives him Money.*]

Tra. —— Sir, my humble Service to you.

Hyp. Well said!

Flo. Nay, I'll pass my Word he shalln't dwindle into Modesty.

Tra. I never heard a Gentleman talk better in my life. I have seen such a sort of a Face before, but where—— I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your Glass, Sir.

Hyp. Gramercy! here Cousin [*Drinks to Flo.*] Come! now, What made Don Philip turn you out of his Service? Why did you leave him.

Tra.

Tra. 'Twas time, I think, his Wits had left him— The Man was Mad.

Hyp. Mad !

Tra. Ay, stark Mad— in Love.

Hyp. In Love ! how pray ?

Tra. Very deep— Up to the Ears, over-head, drown'd by this time, he wou'd in—— I wou'd have had him stopt, when he was up to the Middle.

Hyp. What was she he was in Love with ?

Tra. The Devil !

Hyp. So ! Now for a very ugly Likeness of my own Face. What sort of Devil ?

Tra. The Damning sort — a Woman.

Hyp. Had she no Name ?

Tra. Her Christian Name was *Donna Hypolita* ; but her proper Name was *Shittlecock*.

Flo. How do you like that ?—— [*Aside to Hyp.*]

Hyp. Pretty well, (*Aside to Flo.*) Was she Handsom ?

Tra. Um—— so ! so !

Flo. How do you like that ? (*to Hyp.*)

Hyp. Um—— so ! so ! (*to Flo.*) Had she Wit ?

Tra. Sometimes.

Hyp. Good Humour ?

Tra. Very seldom.

Hyp. Proud ?

Tra. Ever.

Hyp. Was she Honest ?

Tra. Very Proud.

Hyp. What ! Had she no good Qualities ?

Tra. Faith ! I don't remember 'em.

Hyp. Hah ! D'ye think she lov'd him ?

Tra. If she did, 'twas as the Cobler lov'd his Wife.

Hyp. How was that ?

Tra. Why, he beat her thrice a day, and told his Neighbour he lov'd her never the worse, but he was resolv'd the Birch shou'd never know it.

Hyp. Did she use him so very ill ?

Tra. Like a Jade.

Flo. How do you do now ? (*to Hyp.*)

Hyp. I don't know— methink I— But sure ! What ! was not the Handsome say you ?

Tra. A Devilish Tongue.

Hyp. Was she Ugly ?

Flo. Ay, say, that at your Peril. (*aside*)

Hyp. What was she ? How did she look ?

(10)

Tra. Look ! Why, faith, the Woman looks very well, when she had a Blush in her Face.

Hyp. Did she often Blush.

Tra. I never saw her.

Hyp. Never saw her ! Had she no Charm ? What made him love her ?

Tra. Really, I can't tell.

Flo. How do you like the Picture, Madam. (*Aside.*)

Hyp. O ! Extremely well, the Rogue has put me into a cold sweat. I am as humble, as an offending Lover.

[*Enter Host.*]

Host. Gentlemen, your Dinner's upon the Table.

[*Ex. Host.*]

Hyp. That's well ! Come, Sir, at Dinner, I'll give you farther Instructions how you may serve your self, and me.

Tra. Come, Sir. [*To Flo.*]

Flo. Nay, dear Sir, no Ceremony.

Tra. Sir, Your very humble Servant. [*As they are going Hyp. stops 'em.*]

Hyp. Come back ! here's one I don't care shou'd see me.

Tra. Sir, the Dinner will be cold.

Hyp. Do you eat it, *Host* ; we are not Hungry.

Tra. Sir, your humble Servant again. [*Ex. Tra.*]

Flo. You seem'd concern'd ; Who is it ?

Hyp. My Brother *Octavio*, as I live—— Come this way.

[*they retire.*]

Enter Octavio, and a Servant.

Oct. *Jasper*, run immediately to *Rosara's* Woman, tell her I am just come to Town, slip that Note into her Hand, and stay for an Answer.

Flo. 'Tis he.

Re-enter Host, Conducting Don Phillip.

Host. Here, Sir, please to walk this way.

Flo. And *Don Phillip* by *Jupiter*.

D. Ph. When my Servant comes send him to me immediately.

Host. Yes, Sir.

Hyp. Nay, then its time for us to make ready—— *Allons !*

[*Ex. Hyp. and Flo.*]

Oct. *Don. Phillip!*

D. Ph. Dear *Octavio!*

Oct. What lucky Point of the Compass cou'd blow us upon one another so ?

D. Phi.

D. Ph. Faith! a Wind very contrary to my Inclination: But the worst, I see blows some good; I am overjoy'd to see you—— But, what makes you so far from the Army?

Off. Who thought to have found you so far from *Sevill*?

D. Ph. What do you do at *Madrid*?

Off. O Friend, such an unfortunate Occasion: Yet such a lucky Discovery; such a Mixture of Joy and Torment, no poor Dog upon Earth was ever plagu'd with.

D. Ph. Unriddle, pray.

Off. Don't you remember about six Months ago, I wrote you word of a dear delicious sprightly Creature, that I had Bombarded for a whole Summer to no purpose.

D. Ph. I remember.

Off. That same silly, stubborn, Charming Angel, now Capitulates.

D. Ph. Then she's taken.

Off. I can't tell that: For you must know her Perfidious Father, *Alamode de France*, contrary to his Treaty with me, and her Inclination, is going to set over her a Monarch of his own making.

D. Ph. Marry her to another?

Off. A better Estate than mine it seems: She tell me here, he is within a Days March of her, begs me to come upon the spur to her relief, and if I don't arrive too late, confesses she loves me well enough to open the Gates, and let me Enter the Town before him. There's her Express, Read it——

Hypolita, Flora, and Trappanti, appear in the Bellcony.

Hyp. Hark! they are talking of a Mistress—— let's observe.

Flo. Trappanti, there's your old Master.

Tra. Ay, I know him again: But I may chance to tell him, he did not know a good Servant when he had him.

D. Ph. (Reads.) 'My Father has concluded a Match for me with one I never saw, and intends in two days to perfect it; the Gentleman is expected every hour: In the mean time, if you know any Friend that has a better Title to me, Advise him forthwith to put in his Claim: I am almost out of my Senses, which you'll easily believe when I tell you, if such a one shou'd make haste, I shalln't have time to refuse him any thing.'

Hyp. How's this?

D. Ph. No Name?

Off. She never wou'd Trust it in a Letter.

Flo. If this shou'd be *Don Philip's* Mistress?

Tra. Sir, you may take my Word it is, I know the Lady, and what the Neighbours say of her.

Hyp. This was a lucky Discovery—— But hush!

D. Ph. What will you do in this Case?

Oct. That I don't yet know, I am half Distracted: I have just sent my Servant to tell her, I am come to Town, and beg an Opportunity to speak with her: I long to see her: I warrant the poor Fool will be so soft and humble, now she's in a Fright.

D. Ph. What will you propose at your meeting her?

Oct. I don't know? May be another Meeting: At least it will come to a kind look, a Kiss, good by, and a sigh!—ah! if I can but persuade her to run away with me!

D. Ph. Consider!

Oct. Ah! So I do, what a pleasure 'twou'd be to have her steal out of her Bed in a sweet Moon-shine Night, to hear her come pat! pat! pat! along in her Slippers, with nothing but a thin silk Night-gown loose about her, and in this Tempting Dress to have her jump into my Arms breathless with Fear, her panting Bosom close to mine; then to stifle her with Kisses, and curl my self about her smooth, warm Limbs, that breathe an healing Odour from their Pores enough to make the Senses ach, or Fancy mad.

D. Ph. Octavio, I envy thee: Thou art the Happiest Man in thy Temper.

Oct. And thou art the most alter'd I ever knew: Prithee, what makes thee so much upon the Hum drum? Well! are my Sister, and You, come to a right Understanding yet? VVhen do you Marry?

Hyp. So! Now I shall have my Picture by another hand:

D. Ph. My Condition, *Octavio*, is very much like your Mistresses: She is going to Marry the Man she never saw, and I the VVoman.

Oct. Death! you make me tremble! I hope it is not to my Mistress.

D. Ph. Thy Mistress! That were an idle Fear, *Madrid's* a wide Place.—Or if it were (she loving you) my Friendship, and my Honour, wou'd oblige me to desist.

Oct. That's Generous, indeed: But still you amaze me! Are you quite broke off with my Sister? I hope she has given you no Reason to forget her.

Hyp. Now I tremble.

D. Ph. The most severe, that ever Beauty printed in the heart of Man, a Coldness unaccountable to Sense.

Oct. Pshaw! Dissembled.

Hyp. Hah!

D. Ph. I can't think it, Lovers are soon flatter'd into Hope, but she appear'd to me Indifferent to so nice a Point, that she has Ruin'd me without the trouble of resolving it.

Flo. VVell! Men are Fools.

Oct. And by this time she's in Fits for your leaving her; 'tis her Nature, I know her from her Bib and Baby; I remember at five Years old the Vixen has fasted three days together in pure spite to her Governess.

Hyp. So!

Oct. Nothing cou'd ever in appearance make her pleas'd, or angry ; always too proud to be oblig'd, too high to be affronted, and thought nothing so low, as to seem Fond of Revenge : She had a Stomach that cou'd Digest every thing but Humility.

Hyp. Good lack, Mr. Witt.

Oct. Yet with all this I have sometimes seen her good Natur'd, Generous and Tender.

Hyp. There the Rogne was Civil again.

D. Ph. I have thought so too.

[*Sighing*]

Hyp. How can he speak of me with so much Generosity?

Oct. For all her Usage of you, I'll be Rack'd if she did not love you.

D. Ph. I rather think she hated me : However, now 'tis past, and I must endeavour to think no more of her.

Hyp. Now I begin to hate my self.

Oct. Then you are determined to Marry this other Lady ?

D. Ph. That's my Business to *Madrid*.

Tra. Which shall be done to your Hand.

D. Ph. Besides I am now oblig'd by Contract.

Oct. Then (tho' she be my Sister) may some Jealous, Old, ill Natur'd Dog Revenge your Quarrel to her.

Hyp. Thank you, Sir.

D. Ph. Come forget it.

Oct. Withal my heart, let's go in, and Drink your new Mistress's Health. When do you visit her ?

D. Ph. I intended it immediately : But an unlucky Accident has hindred me, one of my Servants fell Sick upon the Road, so that I am forc't to make shift with one, and he is the most negligent, sottish Rogue in Nature, has left the Portmantue, where all my Writings and Letters of Concern are behind him at the last Town we lay, so that I can't properly Visit the Lady, or her Father, 'till I am able to assure 'em who I am.

Oct. Why don't you go back your self to see for 'em.

D. Ph. I have sent my Servant, for I am really tir'd : I was loath to appear too much concern'd for 'em, lest the Rascal should think it worth his while to run away with 'em.

[*Enter Servant to Octavio.*]

Oct. How now ?

Serv. Here's an Answer, Sir.

[*Gives a Letter.*]

Hyp. Come, we have seen enough of the Enemies Motions, to know it's time for us to Decamp.

[*Exeunt Hip. Flo. and Tra. from above.*]

Oct.

Off. (To *D. Ph.*) My dear Friend, I beg a Thousand Pardons: I must leave you this Minute, the kind Creature has sent for me: I am a Soldier, you know, and Orders must be obey'd, when I come off o' Duty, I'll immediately wait upon you.

D. Phi. You'll find me here, or hear of me: Adieu. [Ex. *Off.*]
Here House!

[Enter *Host.*]

Prithee see, if my Servant be come yet.

Host. I believe he is, Sir; is not he in Blew?

D. Phi. Ay! where is the Sot?

Host. Just refreshing himself with a Glas at the Gate.

D. Phi. Pray tell the Gentleman, I'd speak with him——

[Ex. *Host.*]

In all the Necessaries of Life there is not a greater plague, than Servants.

Hey Soto!

[Enter *Soto Drunk.*]

So. —— Did you Please to —— such! —— call, Sir?

D. Phi. What's the reason Block-head I must always wait upon you thus?

So. Sir, I did not know any thing of it: I —— I —— came as soon as you se-se-se-sent for me.

D. Phi. And why not without sending Sir: Did you think I expected no Answer to the business I sent you about.

So. Yes, Sir—— I did think you wou'd be willing—— that is—— to have an Account—— so I staid to take a Glas at the Door, because I wou'd not be out of the way—— huh!

D. Phi. You are drunk, Rascal—— Where's the Portmantue?

So. Sir, I am here—— if you please, I'll give you the whole Account, how the Matter is, huh!

D. Ph. My Mind misgives me—— speak Villain—— (strikes him.)

So. I will, Sir, as soon as I can put my Words into an intelligible Order. I am't running away, Sir.

D. Ph. To the point, Sirrah! (Draws.)

So. Not of your Sword, dear Sir.

D. Ph. Sirrah, be brief, or I'll Murder you: Where's the Portmantue?

So. Sir, as I hope to breath, I made all the strictest search in the world, and drank at every House upon the Road, Going and Coming, and ask'd about it; and so at last, as I was coming within a Mile of the Town here, I found then——

D. Phi.

D. Ph. What!

So. That it must certainly be lost.

D. Ph. Dog! Do you think this must satisfy me? (*Beats him.*)

So. Lord, Sir, you won't hear Reason—— Are you sure you han't it about you?—— if I know any thing of it I wish I may be Burn'd.

D. Ph. Villain! Your Life can't make me satisfaction.

So. No, Sir, that's hard—— a Man's Life can't—— for my part—— I—— I——

D. Ph. Why do I vent my Rage against a Sot; a Clod of Earth? I shou'd Accuse my self for trusting him.

So. Sir—— I had rather—— bought a Portmantue out of my own Pocket, than have had such a life about it.

D. Ph. Be Dumb!

So. Ahuh! Yes.

D. Ph. If this Rascal had stole it, sure he wou'd not have ventur'd to come back again—— I am confounded! Neither *Don Manuel*, nor his Daughter know me, nor any of his Family. If I should not Visit him, till I can receive fresh Letters from my Father, he'll in the mean time think himself Affronted by my Neglect—— What shall I do? Suppose I go, and tell him my Misfortune, and beg his Patience, till we can hear again from *Sevill*. I must think! Hey, Sot!

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Hypolita, Flora and Trappanti

Tra. Hold, Sir, let me touch up your Fore-top a little.

Hyp. So! my Gloves—— Well, *Trappanti*, you know your Business, and if I marry the Lady, you know my Promise too.

Tra. Sir, I shall remember 'em both—— Odso! I had like to have forgot—— here! House! A Balon, and Wash-ball; I have a Razor about me—— Hey! [*Knocks.*] Let me take off your Wig, Sir.

Hyp. What's the Matter?

Tra. Sir, you are not shav'd.

Hyp. Shav'd.

Tra. Ever while you Live, Sir, go with a smooth Chin to your Mistress—— Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Hyp. This Puppy does so Plague me with his Impertinence, I shall laugh out, and Discover my self.

Tra. Why *Diego*. (*Knocks.*)

Hyp. Pshaw! prithee don't stand Fooling; we're in haste.

Flo. Ay! ay! Shave another time.

Tra. Nay, what you please, Sir, your Beard is not much; you may wear it to day.
(*taking her by the Chin.*)

Flo.

Flo. Ay, and to morrow too—— Pray, Sir, will you see the Coach ready, and put in the Things.

Tra. Sir, I'll see the Coach ready, and put in the Things.

[*Ex. Tra.*]

Flo. Come, Madam, Courage! Now let's do something for the Honour of our Sex, give a Proof of our Parts, and tell Mankind we can Con-
trive, Fatigue, Baffle, and bring about as well as the Best of 'em.

Hyp. Well said, *Flora*! For the Honour of our Sex be it then, and let the grave *Dons* think themselves as wise as they please; but Nature knows there goes more Wit to the Management of some Amours, than the hardest Point in Politicks.

Therefore to Men th' Affair of States Confin'd,
Wisely to Us the state of Love Assign'd;
As Love's the Weightier Business of Mankind. } *Exeunt.*

The End of the first Act.

ACT.

A C T II.

*The Scene Don Manuel's House.**Enter Rosara and Viletta.**Vil.* H E A R Reason.*Ros.* Talk of *Octavio* then.*Vil.* How do you know, but the Gentleman your Father designs you for, may prove as pretty a Fellow as he? Have a little patience; if you shou'd happen to like him as well, wou'd not that do your Business as well?*Ros.* I took you for *Octavio's* Friend.*Vil.* So I am: But why, in the Name of *Venus*, must you needs marry him?*Ros.* For what all Lovers marry, that they may never part.*Vil.* Ah! that wou'd be fine indeed: But I have seen many a fond Lover afterwards very willing to part with his Wife.*Ros.* Do you expect *Octavio* shou'd thank you for this?*Vil.* The Gentleman's no Fool.*Ros.* He'll hate any one that is not a Friend to his Love.*Vil.* Hang 'em, say I: But cannot one quench the thirst without jumping into the River? Is there no difference between cooling and drowning? *Octavio's* now in a very good post— keep him there— I know the Man: He understands the Business he is in to an Hair: But Faith you'll spoil him; he's too pretty a Fellow, and too poor a one for an Husband.*Ros.* Poor! he has enough.*Vil.* That's the most he has.*Ros.* 'Twill do our Business.*Vil.* But when you have no Portion (which I'm afraid you won't have with him) he'll soon have enough of you, and how will your Business be done then, pray?*Ros.* Plhah! you talk like a Fool.*Vil.* Come, come, if *Octavio* must be the Man, I say let *Don Phillip* be the Husband.*Ros.* I tell you, Fool, I'll have no Man but an Husband, and no Husband but *Octavio*: When you find I am weary of him, I'll give you leave to talk to me of some body else.*Vil.* In vain, I see— I ha' done, Madam— one must have time to be wise: But in the mean while what do you resolve? Positively not to marry *Don Phillip*?*Ros.* I don't know what I shall do, 'till I see *Octavio*? When did he say he wou'd be here?

Vil. Oh! I dare not tell you, Madam.

Ros. Why?

Vil. I am brib'd to the contrary.

Ros. By whom?

Vil. *Octavio*, he just now sent me this lovely piece of Gold not to tell you what time he wou'd be here.

Ros. Nay, then *Violetta* here are two pieces that are twice as lovely; tell me when I shall see him.

Vil. Umh! These are lovely pieces indeed.

[Smiling.]

Ros. When, *Violetta*?

Vil. Have you no more of 'em, Madam?

Ros. Pshah! There, take Purse and all; will that content thee?

Vil. O! dear Madam, I shou'd be unconscionable to desire more; but really I was willing to have 'em all first.

[Curtesying.]

Ros. When will he come?

Vil. Why the poor Gentleman has been hankering about the House this quarter of an Hour; but I did not observe, Madam, you were willing to see him, 'till you had convinc'd me by so plain a Proof.

Ros. Where's my Father?

Vil. Fast asleep in the great Chair.

Ros. Fetch him in then before he wakes.

Vil. Let him wake, his Habit will protect him.

Ros. His Habit?

Vil. Ay, Madam, he's turn'd Fryar to come at you; if your Father surprizes us, I have a Lye ready to back him—— Hift, *Octavio*, you may enter.

Enter Octavio in a Fryar's Habit.

Oct. After a thousand Frights and Fears, do I live to see my dear *Rosara* once again, and kind.

Ros. Bless me! is it you?

Oct. Me! Why this wonder? *Violetta*, did not I tell you I wou'd come in this Disguise?

Vil. Yes, yes, and I told her so; but a Man must expect Questions that are nothing to the purpose from a young Woman in love.

Ros. In love?

Vil. Hah! Now we are to be in our Airs.

[Aside.]

Oct. Can we be in an happier Condition? Why so cold?

Ros. I see no such Happiness in't.

Oct. In what?

Ros. Pshah, I won't tell you!

Vil. Now methinks, Madam, you shou'd tell him; for when you don't know, but in two Hours you may be snapt up by a Man you never saw in your life; in my humble Opinion, it's high time to be saying a civil thing to the Man you have a mind to.

Oct. Thank thee, dear *Violetta*.

Ros. Who

Ros. Who told you my Mind, pray ?

Vil. Shall I tell him ?

Os. Do, *Viletta*.

Vil. Wou'd you had not brib'd me to secrecie.

Ros. O pray don't let that Pretence hinder you.

Os. Out with it.

Ros. What, you are studying ? nay, if you don't tell him quickly —
I shall be forc'd to do it my self. [*Aside.*]

Vil. No, Madam, tho' you make flight of your Secrets, indeed I set
a greater value upon 'em than to part with 'em for nothing.

Os. Name thy Price, and take it.

Vil. No great matter, Sir ; only this little Purse.

Os. I have no Purse, *Viletta*, but here's all the inside of my Pocket
for thee : What did she say of me ?

Vil. Why in the first place, then Sir, she gave me this only to tell
her, what time you wou'd be here.

Os. So !

Ros. Pfhah !

Vil. In the next place (for you must know I have been feeling the
Pulse of her Virtue, as well as her Love) She confest ———

Os. What ?

Vil. Such a thing ——— 'twere worth ———

Os. I am impatient.

Vil. Faith ! look in t'other Pocket, Sir.

Os. O ! damn'd mercenary Jade ! there, there ! stript, by *Jupiter* !
Come, speak ! confound thee, speak.

Vil. Really, Sir, this is so generous, that now I shall think my self
oblig'd in Conscience, whenever she tells me a Secret, to let you know,
to a farthing what she gives me to keep it.

Os. I'll buy 'em all ; speak, dear *Viletta*.

Vil. Well then : She confest that she wou'd never have any Man but
an Husband, and no Husband but *Ostasio* : Nay, at every word I said
against you, I thought she wou'd have snapp'd my Nose off.

Os. Thou dear delicious Creature, let me kiss thee.

Vil. Hold, Sir, hold ; consider your Habit.

Os. Nay, then I must kiss thee again.

Vil. Phoo ! Bless me ! you kiss as if you had taken the Order indeed :
Well but this is only a fooling away time ——— Come, Madam, there's
your Man, I have told him your Mind, and so Sir pray make your best
on't.

Ros. What shall we do, *Ostasio*?

[*Looking kindly on him.*]

Os. Kind Creature ! Do ! why as Lovers shou'd do ; what no body
can undo ; let's run away this Minute, tye our selves fast in the Church
Knot, and defy Fathers and Mothers.

Ros. And

Ros. And Fortunes too?

Off. Pshaw! We shall have it one day: They must leave their Money behind 'em.

Ros. Suppose you first try my Father's good Nature? you know he once encourag'd your Addressees.

Off. First let's be fast married; perhaps he may be good natur'd when he cannot help it: If we shou'd try him now, 'twill but set him more upon his guard against us: Since we are list'd under Love, don't let us serve in a separate Garrilon. Come! come, stand to your Arms, whip a Suit of Night-cloaths into your Pocket, and let's march off in a Body together.

Ros. Ah! my Father.

Off. Dead!

Vil. To your Function.

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. Viletta.

Vil. Sir.

D. Ma. Where's my Daughter?

Vil. Hift, don't disturb her.

D. Ma. Disturb her! why what's the matter?

Vil. She's at Confession, Sir.

D. Ma. Confession! I don't like that; a young Woman ought to have no sins at all.

Vil. Ah, dear Sir, there's no living without 'em.

D. Ma. She's now at years of Discetion.

Vil. There's the danger, Sir, she's just of the tasting Age: One has really no relish of a sin, 'till Fifteen.

D. Ma. Ah! then the Jades have swinging Stomachs; I find her aversion to the Marriage I have propos'd her, has put her upon disobedient Thoughts: There can be no Confession without Guilt.

Vil. Nor no Pardon, Sir, without Confession.

D. Ma. Fiddle faddle, I won't have her seem wicked: *Hussy*, you shall Confess for her, I'll have her send her sins by you, you know 'em, I'm sure.

Vil. Indeed, Sir, I never saw her commit above one sin in my Life.

D. Ma. What was it? I'll know.

Vil. Why, Sir, last Sunday Night, as you were reading one of Cardinal *Portocarrero's* Sermons to her, she fell fast asleep in the middle of it.

D. Ma. Umh! well, while she was asleep she was doing no harm, that was a Venial frailty; I am apt to sleep at a Sermon my self: But now I'll be acquainted with her more secret Thoughts; I'll know what the Fryar has got out of her—— Save you, Father.

Off. Bless you, Son.

D. Ma. How now, what's become of Father *Beneda*? why is not he here?

Vil. Sir, he is not well, and so desir'd this Gentleman, his Brother here, to officiate for him.

D. Ma. He

D. Ma. He seems very young for a Confessor.

Vil. Ay, Sir! He has not been long at it.

Off. Nor don't desire to be long in it: I wish I understand it well enough to make a fool of my old *Don* here. [*Aside.*]

D. Ma. Well, Sir! how do you find the Pulse of iniquity beat there? What sort of sin has she most stomach too?

Off. Why truly, Sir, we have all frailties, and your Daughter has had most powerful temptations.

D. Ma. Nay the Devil has been very busie with her these two days.

Off. She has told me a most lamentable story.

D. Ma. Ten to one but this lamentable story proves a most damnable Lye.

Off. Indeed, Son, I find by her confession, that you are much to blame for your Tyrannical Government of her.

D. Ma. Hey day! What has the Jade been inventing sins for me, and confessing 'em instead of her own? let me come — she shall be lock'd up till she repents 'em too.

Off. Son forbear: This is now a Corroboration of your Guilt: This is Inhuman.

D. Ma. Sir I have done: But pray, if you please, let's come to the point: What are these terrible cruelties, that this tender Lady accuses me of?

Off. Nay, Sir, mistake her not: She did not with any malicious design expose your faults, but as her own depended on 'em: Her frailties were the consequence of your Cruelty.

D. Ma. Let's have 'em both Antecedent, and Consequent.

Off. Why she confest her first Maiden, innocent Affection, had long been settled upon a young Gentleman, whose Love to her you once encourag'd; and after their most solemn Vows of Mutual Faith, you have barbarously broke in upon her Hopes, and to the utter ruin of her Peace, Contracted her to a Man she never saw.

D. Ma. Very good, I see no harm in all this.

Off. Methinks the welfare of a Daughter, Sir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

D. Ma. Serious! So I am, Sir, What a Devil must I needs be melancholy, because I have got her a good Husband?

Off. Her melancholly may tell you, Sir, she can't think him a good one.

D. Ma. Sir, I understand thinking better than she, and I'll make her take my word.

Off. What have you to Object against the Man she likes?

D. Ma. The Man I like.

Off. Suppose th' unhappy Youth she Loves, should throw himself Distracted at your feet, and try to melt you into Pity?

D. Ma. Ay! That if he can.

Off. You

Off. You wou'd not, Sir, refuse to hear him.

D. Ma. Sir, I shall not refuse him any thing, that I am sure will signify nothing.

Off. Were you one moment to reflect upon the pangs which separated Lovers feel, were Nature dead in you, that thought might wake her.

D. Ma. Sir, When I am ask'd to do a thing I have not a mind to, my Nature sleeps like a Top.

Off. Then I must tell you, Sir, this Obstinacy obliges me, as a Churchman, to put you in mind of your Duty: and to let you know too, you ought to pay more Reverence to our Order.

D. Ma. Sir, I pay you Tithes, and Parish Duties, because I can't help it; but for any other Reverence, or Duty, I give you leave to deserve it, as soon as you please.

Off. Sir, there are Duties to be done, as well as paid.

D. Ma. Ay, but a Man had better leave a Legion undone, than a Tythe unpaid: Now while I owe the Church nothing, d'ye see? I am not afraid of the sin of Marrying my Daughter to the best advantage: and so if you please, Father, you may walk home again—when any thing lyes upon my Conscience, I'll send for you.

Off. Nay then 'tis time to claim a Lover's right, and to tell you, Sir, the Man that dares to ask *Rosara* from me, is a Villain.

[*Throws off his Disguise.*]

Vil. So! Here will be fine work!

[*Aside.*]

D. Ma. *Octavio*! the Devil!

Off. You'll find me one, unless you do me speedy Justice: since, not the bonds of Honour, Nature, nor submissive Reason can oblige you, I am reduc'd to take a surer, shorter way, and force you to be Just, I leave you, Sir, to think on't.

[*Walks about angrily.*]

D. Ma. Ay! Here's a Confessor! Ah! that Jade of mine—and that other Jade of my Jades—here has been rare doings!—Well! it shan't hold long, Madam shall be noos'd to morrow Morning—Hah! Sir's in a great Passion here! but it won't do—those long strides *Don*, will never bring you the sooner to your Mistress—*Rosara*! Step into that Closet, and fetch my Spectacles of o' the Table there. Tum! tum! *Sings.*

Vil. I don't like the Old Gentleman's looks.

[*Aside.*]

Ros. This obstinacy of yours, my Dear Father, you shall find runs in the Family.

[*Exit. Rosara, and D. Ma. Locks her in.*]

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum!

Off. Sir I wou'd advise you, as your nearest Friend, to defer this Marriage for three days.

D. Ma. Tum! tum! tum!

Vil. Sir, you have lock'd my Mistress in.

[*Pertly.*]

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum!

Vil. If you please to lend me the Key, Sir, I'll let her out.

D. Ma.

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum!

Off. You might afford me at least, as I am a Gentleman, a Civil Answer, Sir.

D. Ma. Why then in one word, Sir, you shall not Marry my Daughter; and as you are a Gentleman, I am sure you won't think it good Manners to stay in my House, when I submissively beg of you to walk out.

Off. You are the Father of my Mistress, and something, Sir, too Old to answer as you ought this wrong, therefore I'll look for Reparation where I can with Honour take it; and since you have oblig'd me to leave your House, I'll watch it carefully, I'll know who dares enter it. This, Sir, be sure of, the Man that offers at *Rosara's* Love, shall have one Virtue, Courage at least, I'll be his proof of that, and e're he steps before me force him to deserve her. [*Ex. Off.*]

D. Ma. Ah! Poor Fellow! He's mad now, and does not know what he wou'd be at:—but however 'twill be no harm to provide against him— Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Run you for an Alguazile, and bid your Fellows arm themselves, I expect mischief at my Door immediately: If *Octavio* offers any disturbance, knock him down, and bring him before me. [*Gel. Ex.*]

Vil. Hift! Don't I hear my Mistress's Voice?

Ros. (Within) *Violetta!*

Vil. Here! here, Madam—Bless me, what's this?

[Violetta, listens at the Closet Door, and Rosara thrusts a Billet to her through the Key-hole.]

Ha! a Billet — to *Octavio*—a—hem. [*Puts it into her Bosom.*]

D. Ma. How now, hussy? What are you fumbling about that door for?

Vil. Nothing, Sir, I was only Peeping to see if my Mistress had done Prayers yet.

D. Ma. Oh! she had as good let 'em alone: for she shall never come out till she has stomach enough to fall too upon the Man I have provided for her. But hark you, Mrs. Modesty, was it you pray, that let in that Able comforter for my Babe of Grace there?

Vil. Yes, Sir, I let him in. [*Pertly.*]

D. Ma. Did you so!—Hah! Then if you please, Madam—I'll let you out—go—go—get a sheet of brown Paper, pack up your things and let me never see that Damn'd ugly Face of thine as long as I Live.

Vil. Bless me, Sir, you are in a strange humour, that you won't know when a Servant does as she should do!

D. Ma. Thou art strangely impudent!

Vil. Only the farthest from it in the World, Sir.

D. Ma.

D. Ma. Then I am strangely mistaken ; for to me thou dost appear as familiarly Impudent as a Whore's Maid to the poor Dog that she knows has a mind to her Mistress.

Vil. I know nothing of the matter, Sir ; what I did, was my Duty I think.

D. Ma. Duty ! Did'st not thou own just now thou let'st him in ?——

Vil. Yes——'but 'twas in disguise—— for I did not design you shou'd see him, because I knew you did not care my Mistress shou'd see him.

D. Ma. Hah !

Vil. And I knew, at the same time, she had a mind to see him.

D. Ma. Hah !

Vil. And you know, Sir, that the sin of loving him had lain upon her Conscience a great while ; so I thought it high time she shou'd come to a thorough Confession.

D. Ma. Hah !

Vil. So upon this, Sir, as you see——I——I——I let him in, that's all.

D. Ma. Nay, if't be so as thou say'st, he was the proper Confessor indeed.

Vil. Ay, Sir, for you know this was not a spiritual Father's Business.

D. Ma. No, no, the brawny strong Dog, Brother of the Flesh, was the Man.

Vil. Well, Sir, and judge you now, if my Mistress is not beholden to me ?

D. Ma. Oh ! extreamly ; but you'll go to Hell, my dear, for all this ; tho perhaps you'l chuse that place : I think you never much car'd for your Husband's Company ; and if I don't mistake, you sent him to Heav'n in the old Road. Hark, what noise is that ? [Noise without.]

Vil. So, *Octavio's* pushing his Fortune, he'll have a Wife or a Halter, that's positive—— I'll go see which. [Exit Vileta.]

Enter a Servant hastily.

D. Ma. How now !

Serv. O Sir, *Octavio* has set upon a couple of Gentlemen just as they were lighting out of a Coach at the Door ; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young Mistress, I heard 'em name her Name ; I'm afraid there will be Mischief, Sir, there they are all at it helter skelter.

D. Ma. Run into the Hall, take down my Back, Breast and Headpiece, call an Officer, raise the Neighbours, give me my great Gun, I'll shoot him out of the Garret Window. [Exeunt D. Ma.]

Enter Hyppolita and Flora putting up their Swords ; Octavio in the Algua-zile's Hands, and Trappanti.

Hyp. Bring him along—— This is such an insolence ! Damn it, at this rate no Gentlemen can walk the Streets.

Flo. I suppose, Sir, your Business was more with our Pockets than our Persons ; are our things safe ?

Tra. Ay,

Tra. Ay, Sir, I secur'd them as soon as ever I saw his Sword out; I guess'd his Design, and scour'd off with the Portmanteau.

Hyp. I'll know now, who set you on, Sir.

Os. Prithee, young Man, don't be troublesome; but thank the Rascal that knockt me down for your Escape.

Hyp. Sir, I'd have you to know, if you had Not been knock'd down, I shou'd have ow'd my Escape to the same Arm, you wou'd have ow'd the Reward for your insolence: Pray, Sir, what are you? who knows you?

Os. I am glad, at least, to find 'tis not *Don Phillip*; that's my Rival. [Aside.]

Serv. Sir, my Master knows the Gentleman very well; he belongs to the Army.

Hyp. Then, Sir, if you'd have me use you like a Gentleman, I desire your meaning of those familiar Questions you ask'd me at the Coach-side?

Os. Faith, young Gentleman, I'll be very short; I love the Lady you are to marry; and if you don't quit your Pretences in two Hours, it will entail perpetual danger upon you and your Family.

Hyp. Sir, if you please, the Danger's equal—— for, Rot me, if I am not as fond of cutting your Throat, as you can be of mine.

Os. If I were out of these Gentlemen's Hands, upon my word, Sir, you shou'd not want an opportunity.

Hyp. O! Sir, these Gentlemen shall protect neither of us; my Friend and I'll be your Bail from them.

Flo. Ay, Sir, we'll Bail you; and if you please, Sir, bring your Friend, I'm his: Damme! what, do you think you have Boys to deal with?

Os. Sir, I ask your pardon, and shall desire to kiss your Hands about an Hour hence at—— [Whispers.]

Flo. Very well, Sir, we'll meet you.

Hyp. Release the Gentleman.

Serv. Sir, we dare not without my Master's Order: Here he is, Sir.

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. How now, Bully Confessor; what, in Limbo?

Hyp. Sir, *Don Fernando de las Torres*, who, I am proud to call my Father, commanded me to deliver this into the Hands of his most dear and worthy Friend, *Don Manuel Grimaldi*; and at the same time, gave me assurance of a kind reception.

D. Ma. Sir, you are thrice welcome; let me embrace you; I'am overjoy'd to see you—— Your Friend, Sir.

Hyp. *Don Pedro Velada*, my near Relation, who has done me the Honour of his Company from *Sevil*, Sir, to assist at the Solemnity of his Friend's Happiness.

D. Ma. Sir, you are welcome ; I shall be proud to know you.
Flo. You do me Honour, Sir.

*Enter Viletta, who slips a Note into Octavio's Hand
 unseen, and Exit.*

Vil. Send your Answer to me.

D. Ma. I hope you are not hurt, Gentlemen.

Hyp. Not at all, Sir ; thanks to a little skill in the Sword.

D. Ma. I am glad of it ; however, give me leave to interrupt our Business for a moment, 'till I have done you Justice on the Person that offer'd you this insolence at my Gate.

Hyp. Your Pardon, Sir ; I understand he is a Gentleman, and therefore beg you wou'd not let my Honour suffer, by receiving a tame Reparation from the Law.

D. Ma. A pretty mettled Fellow, Faith—— 'Must not let him fight tho' [*Aside.*] But, Sir, you don't know, perhaps, how deeply this Man is your Enemy ?

Hyp. Sir, I know more of his Spleen and Folly than you imagine ; which, if you please to discharge him, I'll acquaint you with.

D. Ma. Discharge him ! pray, consider Sir—— [*They seem to talk.*]

Oct. [*Aside.*] Now for a Beam of Hope in a Tempest. [*Reads.*]

I charge you, don't hazard my Ruin and your own, by the madness of a Quarrel : The Closet Window, where I am, is but a step to the ground. Be at the Back-door of the Garden, exactly in the close of the Evening, where you will certainly find one, that may put you in the best way of getting rid of a Rival.

Dear, kind Creature ! Now, if my little Don's Fit of Honour does but hold out to Bail me, I am the happiest Dog in the Universe.

D. Ma. Well, Sir ; since I find your Honour is dipt so Deep in the Matter—— Here—— release the Gentleman.

Flo. So, Sir ; you have your freedom, you may depend upon us.

Hyp. You'll find us punctual—— Sir, your Servant.

Oct. So ; now I have a very handsome occasion to put off the Tilt too. Gentlemen, I ask your Pardon ; I begin to be a little sensible of the Rashness I committed ; and, I confess, your manner of Treating me has been so very much like Men of Honour, that I think my self oblig'd from the same Principle, to assure you, That tho' I love Rosara equal to my life, yet no Consideration shall perswade me to be a Rude Enemy, even to my Rival : I thank you for my Freedom, and am your humble Servant. [*Ex. Oct.*]

Hyp. Your Servant, Sir—— I think we released my Brother very handsomely : But I han't done with him. [*Aside to Flora.*]

D. Ma. What can this sudden turn of Civility mean ? I am afraid 'tis but a Cloak to some new Roguery he has in his Head. [*Hyp. I*

Hyp. I don't know how Old it may be, but my Servant here has discover'd a piece of Villany of his that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

D. Ma. Is't possible? why wou'd you let him go then?

Hyp. Because, I am sure it can do me no harm, Sir.

D. Ma. Pray be plain, Sir; what is it?

Hyp. This Fellow can inform you, ——— For, to say truth, he's much better at a Lye. [*Aside.*]

D. Ma. Come hither, Friend; pray what is this Business?

Hyp. Ay; what was that you over-heard between *Ottavio* and another Gentleman, at the Inn where we Alighted?

Tra. Why, Sir, as I was unbuckling my Portmantue in the Yard there, I observ'd *Ottavio* and another Spark very familiar with your Honour's Name; upon which, Sir, I prick'd up the Ears of my Curiosity, and took in all their Discourse.

D. Ma. Pray who was that other Spark, Friend?

Tra. A Brother Rake, Sir; a damn'd shy-lookt Fellow!

D. Ma. So!

Flo. How familiarly the Rogue treats his Old Master. }{ [*Aside.*]

Hyp. Poor *Don Phillip*.

Tra. Says one of 'em, says he, No, damn him, the Old Rogue (meaning you, Sir) will never let you have her by fair means; however, says *Ottavio*, I'll try soft Words; but if those won't do, Bully him, says t'other.

D. Ma. Ah, poor Dog, but that would not do neither; Sir, he has try'd 'em both to Day to no purpose.

Tra. Say you so, Sir! then you'll find what I say, is all of a piece. Well! and if neither of these will do, says he, you must e'en Tilt the young Prig, your Rival (meaning you then, Sir.) [*To Hyp.*]

D. Ma. Ha! ha! that, I perceive, my Spark did not greatly care for.

Tra. No, Sir; that he found was catching a *Tartar* ——— 'Sbud, my Master fought like a Lyon, Sir.

Hyp. Truly, I did not spare him.

Flo. No, Faith ——— after he was knock'd down. [*Aside.*]

Tra. But now, Sir; now comes the Cream of the Roguery.

Hyp. Pray, observe, Sir.

Tra. Well, says *Sly-looks*, and if all these fail, I have a rare Trick in my Head, that will certainly defer the Marriage for three or four Days at least, and in that time the Devil's in't if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her.

D. Ma. Wou'd you so, Mr. Dog! but he'll be hang'd.

Hyp. O, Sir; you will find we were mighty fortunate in this Discovery.

D. Ma. Pray, Sir, let's hear; what was this Trick to be, Friend?

Tra. Why, Sir, to Allarm you, that my Master was an Impostor, and that *Sly-looks* was the true *Don Phillip*, sent by his Father from *Sevil*, to marry your Daughter; upon which (says he) the Old Put (meaning you again, Sir) will be so bamboosled, that ———

D. Ma. But Pray, Sir, how did young Mr. Coxcomb conclude? That the Old Put was to believe all this? Had they no sham Proofs, that they propos'd to Bamboosle me with, as you call it?

Tra. You shall hear, Sir, (the Plot was pretty well laid too) I'll pretend (says he) that the Rascal, your Rival (meaning you then, Sir) has rob'd me of my Portmantue, where I had put up all my Jewels, Money, and Letters of Recommendation from my Father: We are neither of us known in *Madrid* (says he) so that a little Impudence, and a grave Face will certainly set those two Dogs a snarling, while you run away with the Bone. That's all, Sir.

D. Ma. Impudent Rogue!

Hyp. What think you, Sir, was not this Business pretty handsomely laid?

Flo. Faith, it might have wrought a very ridiculous Consequence.

D. Ma. Why truly, if we had not been fore-arm'd by this Discovery, for ought I know, Mr. Dog might have run away with the Bone indeed: But if you please, Sir; since these ingenious Gentlemen are so pert upon the matter, we'll let 'em see that you and I have Wit enough to do our Business; and ev'n clap up the Wedding to morrow Morning.

Hyp. Sir, you are too obliging — But will your Daughter, think you, be prevail'd with?

D. Ma. Sir, I'll prepare her this Minute, ——— it's pity, methinks, we releas'd that Bully, tho' ———

Hyp. Not at all, Sir; I don't suppose he can have the Impudence to pursue this Design; or, if he shou'd, Sir ——— now we know him before hand.

D. Ma. Nay, that's true, as you say ——— but therefore, methinks I'd Have him come: I love mightily to laugh in my sleeve at an impudent Rogue, when I am sure he can do me no harm: Ods flesh, if he comes, the Dog shalln't know whether I believe him or not ——— I'll try, if the Old Putt can Bamboosle him, or no.

Hyp. I gad, Sir, you're in the right on't; knock him down with his own Weapon.

Tra. And when he is down, I have a Trick to keep him so.

Flo. The Devil's in't if we don't Maul this Rascal among us.

D. Ma. A Son of a Whore ——— I am sorry we let him go so soon, Faith.

Flo. We might as well have held him a little.

Hyp. Really, Sir, upon second Thoughts, I wish we had ——— His excusing his Challenge so abruptly, makes me fancy he is in hopes of carrying his Point some other way ——— Did not you observe your Daughter's Woman whisper him?

D. Ma. Humh!

Flo. They seem'd very busie, that's certain.

Hyp. I can't say about what ——— but it will be worth our while to be upon our Guard.

D. Ma. I

D. Ma. I am alarm'd !

Hyp. Where is your Daughter at this time?

D. Ma. I think she's pretty safe—but I'll go make her sure.

Flo. 'Twill be no harm to look about you, Sir.

Where's her Woman?

D. Ma. I'll be upon her presently—she shall be search'd for intelligence—you'll excuse me, Gentlemen.

Hyp. Sir, the Occasion presses you.

D. Ma. If I find all safe, I'll return immediately, and then, if you please, we'll run over some old Stories of my good Friend *Fernando*—your Servant. [Ex. *D. Ma.*]

Hyp. Sir your most humble Servant—*Trappanti*, thou art a rare Fellow, thou hast an admirable Face, and when thou dyest I'll have thy whole Statue cast All in the same Mettle.

Flo. 'Twere pity the Rogue was not bred to the Law.

Tra. So 'tis indeed, Sir,—A Man shou'd not praise himself; but if I Had been bred to the Gown, I dare venture to say, I become a Lye as well as any Man that wears it.

Hyp. Nay now thou art modest—but Sirrah, we have more work for you, you must get in with the Servants, attack the Ladies Woman. There! there's Amunition, Rogue, [Gives him Money] Now try if you can make a Breach into the secrets of the Family.

Tra. Ah! Sir, I warrant you—I cou'd never yet meet with a Woman that was this sort of Pistol proof—I have known a handful of these do more than a Barrel of Gunpowder: The *French* charge all their Cannon with 'em, the only weapon in the World, Sir. I remember my old Masters Father us'd to say, the best thing in the *Greek Grammar* was—*Argureois Lonchasy Machou, Kai Panta Cratefeis.* [Ex. *Tra.*]

Hyp. Well, dear *Flora*, let me kiss thee. Thou hast done thy part to a miracle.

Flo. I Gad I think so, did not I bear up Briskly—Now if *Don Philip* shou'd come while my blood's up, let him look to himself.

Hyp. We shall find him a little Tough, I believe: For, poor Gentleman, he is like to meet with a very odd reception from his Father-in-Law.

Flo. Nay we have done his business there, I believe.

Hyp. How glibly the old Gentleman swallow'd *Trappanti's* lye?

Flo. And how rarely the Rogue told it?

Hyp. And how soon it work'd with him? For, if you please, says he, we'll let him see that we have wit enough to do our Business, and clap up the Wedding to morrow Morning.

Flo. Ah! We have it all the way—Well! what must we do next?

Hyp. Why, now for the Lady—I'll be a little brisk upon her, and then—

Flo. Victoria!

[Exeunt.]

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

The Scene continues.

Enter Viletta hastily; Don Manuel and Trappanti behind, observing her.

Vil. **S**O! with much ado I have given the Old *Don* the slip, he has dangled with me through every Room in the House, high and low, up Stairs and down, as close to my Tail, as a great Boy hankering after one of his Mother's Maids! Well——now we shall see what Monsieur *Osavio* says. *[Takes a Letter from her Bosome.]*

Tra. Hift! There she is, and alone: when the Devil has any thing to do with a Woman, Sir, that's his time to take her; stand close.

D. Ma. Ah! He's at work already——There's a Letter.

Tra. Leave her to me, Sir, I'll Read it.

Vil. Hah! Two Pistoles——Well! I'll say that for him, the Man knows his business, his Letters always come Post paid.

[While she is Reading Trappanti, steals behind, and looks over her shoulder.]

Dear Viletta,

Convey the inclos'd immediately to your Mistress, and as you prize my Life, use all possible means to keep the Old Gentleman from the Closet, 'till you are sure she is safe out of the Window. Your real Friend.

Tra. *Osavio.*

Vil. Ah!

Tra. Madam, Your Ladyships most humble Servant.

Vil. Your'e very impertinent, methinks, to look over other Peoples Letters.

Tra. Why——I never Read a Letter in my life without looking it over.

Vil. I don't know any business you had to look upon this.

Tra. There's the thing——your not knowing that, has put you into this Passion.

Vil. You may chance to have your bones broke, Mr. Coxcomb.

Tra. Sweet Hony-Comb, don't be so Wasplish: For if I keep your Counsel, d'ye see, I don't know why my Bones mayn't keep their places: But if I'll Peach, whose Bones will pay for it then?

Vil. Ha! The Fool says true, I had better wheadle him. *[Aside.]*

Tra. My Dear Queen don't be frightened——I come as a Friend; now be serious,

Vil. Well! What would you have?

Tra. Don't

Tra. Don't you love Money above any thing in the World——except one?

Vil. I except nothing.

Tra. Very good——And pray how many Letters do you expect to be paid for, when *Octavio* has married your Mistress, and has no occasion to write to her? Look you, Child, tho' you are of Council for him, use him like a true Lawyer, make difficulties where there are none, that he may Fee you, where he needs not. Dispatch is out of Practice, Delay makes long Bills, that's your Point, stick to it; once get him his Cause, there is no more advice to be paid for.

Vil. What do you mean?

Tra. Why, that for the same reason, I have no mind to put an end to my own Fees, by marrying my Master: While they are Lovers, they always have occasion for a Confident and a Pimp; But when they Marry——Serviteur——good night Vails, our harvest is over: What do you think of me now?

Vil. Why——I like what you say very well: But I don't know my Friend, to me——that same Face of yours looks like the Title Page to a whole Volume of Roguery——What is't you drive at?

Tra. Money, money, money. Don't you let your Mistress marry *Octavio*. I'll do my best to hinder my Master: Let you and I lay our Heads together to keep them asunder, and so make a penny of 'em all three.

Vil. Look you, Seignior, I'll meet you half way, and confess to you, I had made a rough draught of this Project my self: But say I should agree with you to go on upon't: What security can you give me for performance of Articles?

Tra. More than Bond or Judgment——my Person in Custody.

Vil. Ah! That won't do.

Tra. No my Love! Why there's many a sweet bit in't——Tast it.

[Offering to Kiss her, she puts him away.]

Vil. No!

Tra. Faith you must give me one.

Vil. Indeed, my Friend, you are too ugly for me; tho' I am not Handsome my self, I love to Play with those that Are.

Tra. And yet methinks an honest Fellow of my Size, and Complexion, in a careless posture playing the Fool thus with his Money.

[Tosses a Purse, she catches it, and he Kisses her.]

Vil. Pshaw! Well, if I must, come then.

——To see how a Woman may be deceiv'd at first sight of a Man.

Tra. Nay then take a second thought of me, Child.

D. Ma. Hah!——This is laying their Heads together indeed. [Again.]

Vil. Well now get you gone, I have a Letter to give to my Mistress, slip into the Garden——I'll come to you presently.

Tra. Is't from *Octavio*?

Vil. Pshaw! begun, I say.

Tra. Hist!

[Trappanti beckons D. Ma. who goes softly behind and

Vil. Madam,

Vil. Madam! Madam! Ah!

[Draws.]

D. Ma. Now, Strumpet, give me the other Letter, or I'll Murder you.

Vil. Ah! lud! o'lud! o'lud! there! there!

[Squeaking.]

D. Ma. Now we shall see what my Gentleman wou'd be at. [Reads.]

• *My Dear Angel,*

Hah! Soft and Impudent.

Depend upon me at the Garden door by seven this Evening: Pity my impatience, and believe you can never come too soon to the Arms of your,
Octavio.

D. Ma. Ah! Now wou'd this Rampant Rogue make no more of Debauching my Gentlewoman, than the Gentlewoman wou'd of him, if he were to Debauch her——hold——let's see whas does he say here——um! um!

[Reads to himself]

Vil. What a Sow was I to believe this old Fool durst do me any harm! but a Fright's the Devil——wou'd I had my Letters again——tho' 'tis no great matter! for as my Friend *Trappanti* says, delaying *Octavio's* business, is doing my own.

D. Ma. (Reading.)——Um! um! sure she is safe out of the Window. O! There the Mine is to be sprung then—the Gentleman makes a warm Siege on't in Troth! and one wou'd think were in a fair way of carrying the place, while he has such an admirable Spy in the middle of the Town——now were I to act like a true *Spaniard*, I ought to Rip up this Jade for more intelligence: But I'll be wise, and shew 'em a little *French Play*, a Bribe and a Lye will do my business a great deal better: Now, Gentlewoman, what do you think in your Conscience I ought to do to you?

Vil. What I think in my Conscience you will not do to me, make a Friend of me——you see, Sir, I dare be an Enemy.

D. Ma. Nay, thou dost not want Courage, I'll say that for thee: but is it possible any thing can make thee honest?

Vil. What do you suppose wou'd make me otherwise?

D. Ma. Mony.

Vil. That's it.

D. Ma. And wou'd the same Summ make thee surely one as t'other?

Vil. That I can't say neither: One must be heavier than t'other, or else the Scale can't turn.

D. Ma. Say it be so? Wou'd that turn thee into my int'rest?

Vil. The very minute you turn into mine, Sir: Judge your self——here stands *Octavio* with a Letter, and two Pieces to give it to my Mistress——There stand you with a Hem! and four Pieces——where wou'd the Letter, go do you think?

D. Ma. There needs no more—I am convinc'd, and will trust thee——there's to encourage thee before hand, and when thou bring'st me a Letter of *Octavio's* I'll double the Summ.

Vil. Sir,

Vil. Sir, I'll do't—— and will take care he shall write presently
[*Aside.*]

D. Ma. Now as you expect I shou'd believe you, Begon and take no notice of what I have discover'd.

Vil. I am Dumb, Sir—— [Ex. *Viletta.*]

D. Ma. So! this was done like a wise General: And now I have taken the Counterscarp, there may be some Hopes of making the Town Capitulate—— *Rosara.* [Unlocks the Closet.]

Enter *Rosara.*

Ros. Did you call me, Sir?

D. Ma. Ay, Child; come, be chearful; what I have to say to you, I am sure ought to make you so.

Ros. He has certainly made some Discovery: *Viletta* did not cry out for nothing—— What shall I do—— Dissemble. [Aside.]

D. Ma. In one word, set your Heart at rest, for you shall Marry *D. Phillip* this very Ev'ning.

Ros. That's but short Warning for the Gentleman, as well as my self; For I don't know that we ever saw one another: How are you sure he will like me?

D. Ma. O! as for that Matter, he shall see you presently; and I have made it his Interest to like you—— But if you are still positively resolv'd upon *Ostavio*, I'll make but few words—— Pull off your Cloaths and, go to him.

Ros. My Cloaths, Sir!

D. Ma. Ay, for the Gentleman shan't have a Rag with you.

Ros. I am not in haste to be starv'd, Sir.

D. Ma. Then let me see you put on your best Airs, and receive *Don Phillip* as you shou'd do.

Ros. When do you expect him, Sir?

D. Ma. Expect him, Sir! he has been here this Hour, Sir—— I only staid to get you out of the Sullens—— He's none of your Hum-drums, all Life and Mettle! Odzooks he has the Courage of a Cock, a Duel's but a Dance to him: He has been at Sa-Sa for you already.

Ros. Well, Sir, I sha'nt be afraid of his Courage, since I see you are resolv'd he shall be the Man—— He shall find me a Woman, Sir, let him win me and wear me as soon as you please.

D. Ma. Ah! now thou art my own Girl; hold but in this Humour one quarter of an Hour, and I'll toss thee t'other Bushel of Doblons into thy Portion—— Here, Bid-a—— Come, I'll fetch him my self—— He's in a rare Cue, Faith; ah! if he does but nick her now.

[Ex. *D. Man.*]

Ros. Now I have but one Card to play — if that don't hit, my Hopes are crush'd indeed : If this young Spark ben't a downright Coxcomb, I may have a Trick to turn all yet — Dear Fortune, give him but common Sense, I'll make it impossible for him to like me — Here they come.

[*Walks carelessly, and Sings.*]

I'll Rove, and I'll Range, &c.

Enter Don Manuel, and Hypolita.

Hyp. *I'll Love, and I'll Change* —

[*Singing with her.*]

D. Ma. Ah, he has her ! he has her !

Hyp. Madam, I kiss your Ladyships Hands ; I find by your Gayity, you are no stranger to my Business ; you expected, perhaps, I shou'd have come in with a grave Bow, and a long Speech ; but my Affairs in a little more haste, therefore, if you please, Madam, we'll cut the Work short, be thoroughly Intimate at the first sight, and see one another's Humours in a quarter of an Hour, as well as if we had been weary of 'em this Twelve-month.

D. Ma. Ah !

Ros. Troth, Sir, I think you are very much in the right : The sooner I see you, the sooner I shall know whether I like you, or not.

Hyp. Pshaw ! as for that matter, you'll find me a very fashionable Husband ; I shall not expect my Wife to be over fond of me.

Ros. But I love to be in the Fashion too, Sir, in taking the Man I have a mind to.

Hyp. Say you so ; why then take me as soon as you please.

Ros. I only stay for my Mind, Sir ; as soon as ever that comes to me, upon my word, I am ready to wait upon you.

Hyp. Well, Madam, a quarter of an Hour shall break no squares — Sir, if you'll find an occasion to leave us alone, I see we shall come to a right understanding presently.

D. Ma. I'll do it, Sir ; well, Child, speak in thy Conscience, is not he a pretty Fellow ?

Ros. The Gentleman's very well, Sir ; but methinks he's a little too young for a Husband.

D. Ma. Young ! a Fiddle ; you'll find him old enough for a Wife, I warrant you : Sir, I must beg your pardon for a moment : But, if you please, in the mean time, I'll leave you my Daughter, and so pray make your best of her.

Hyp. I thank you, Sir. [*Exit. D. Ma.*] [*Hyp. stands sometime mute, looks carelessly at Ros. and she smiles as in contempt of him.*]

Why now, methinks, Madam, you had as good put on a real Smile, for I am doom'd to be the happy Man, you see.

Ros. So my Father says, Sir.

Hyp. I'll take his Word.

Ros. A bold Man — but he'll break it.

Hyp. He

Hyp. He won't.

Ros. He must.

Hyp. Whether he will or no?

Ros. He can't help it now.

Hyp. How so, pray?

Ros. Because he has promis'd you, you shall marry me; and he has always promis'd me I should marry the Man I could love.

Hyp. Ay—— That is, he won'd oblige you to love the Man you shou'd marry.

Ros. The Man that I marry will be sure of my Love; but for the man that marries me—— Mercy on him.

Hyp. No matter for that, I'll marry you.

Ros. Come, I don't believe you are so ill-natur'd.

Hyp. Why, do'st not thou like me, Child?

Ros. Um—— No!

Hyp. What's the matter?

Ros. The Old Fault.

Hyp. What?

Ros. I don't like you.

Hyp. That all?

Ros. No.

Hyp. That's hard—— the rest.

Ros. That you won't like.

Hyp. I'll stand it,—— try me.

Ros. Why then, in short, I like another: Another man, Sir, has got into my Head, and has made such Work there, you'll never be able to set me to rights as long as you live—— What do you think of me now, Sir? won't this serve for a Reason, why you shou'd not marry me?

Hyp. Um—— the Reason is a pretty smart sort of a Reason truly; but 'twon't do—— To be as short with you, Madam; I have reason to believe, I shall be disinherited if I don't marry you.

Ros. And what will you have reason to believe you shall be, if you Do marry me?

Hyp. In the *Spanish* Fashion, I suppose, Jealous to a degree.

Ros. You may be in the *English* Fashion, and something else to a Degree.

Hyp. Oh! if I have not Courage enough to prevent that, Madam, let the World think me in the *English* City fashion; content to a Degree. Now here in *Spain*, Child, we have such things as Back-rooms, Barr'd Windows, Hard Fare, Poison, Daggers, Bolts, Chains, and so forth.

Ros. Ay, Sir, and there are such things as Bribes, Plots, Shamms, Letters, Lyes, Walls, Ladders, Keys, Confidants, and so forth.

Hyp. Hey! A very compleat Regiment indeed; what a world of service might these do in a quarter of an hour, with a Woman's Courage at the Head of 'em?—— Really, Madam, your Dress and Humour have the prettiest loose *French* Air, something So Quality; that, let me dye, Madam, I believe, in a Month, I shou'd be apt to poison you.

Ros. So ! it takes. [*Aside.*] And let me dye, Sir, I believe I shou'd be apt to deserve it of you.

Hyp. I shou'd certainly do't.

Ros. It must be in my Breakfast then—— for I shou'd certainly run away before the Wedding-dinner came up.

Hyp. That's over-acted—— but I'll startle her. [*Aside.*] Then I must tell you, Madam, A *Spanish* Husband may be provok'd, as well as a Wife.

Ros. My Life on't, his Revenge is not half so sweet, and if she's provok'd, 'tis a thousand to one, but she licks her lips before she's nail'd in her Coffin.

Hyp. You are very gay, Madam.

Ros. I see nothing to fright me, Sir: For I cannot believe you'll marry me now—— I have told you my Humour, if you like it, you have a good Stomach.

Hyp. Why truly you may probably lie a little heavy upon't; but I can better digest you than Poverty; as for your Inclination, I'll keep your Body honest however; that shall be lock'd up; and if you don't love me, then—— I'll stab you. [*Carelessly.*]

Ros. With what, your Words? it must be those you say after the Priest then—— you'll be Able to do very little else that will go to my Heart, I'll assure you.

Hyp. Well, well, well, Madam, you need not give your self half this Trouble, I am heartily convinc'd, you will make the damnest Wife that ever poor Dog of a Husband wisht at the Devil: But really, Madam, you are very unfortunate; for notwithstanding all the mighty pains you have taken, you have met with a positive Coxcomb, that's still just Fool, and stout enough to marry you.

Ros. 'Twill be a Proof of your Courage indeed.

Hyp. Madam, you rally very well, 'tis confest: But now, if you please, we'll be a little serious.

Ros. I think I am—— What does he mean? [*Aside.*]

Hyp. Come, come, this Humour is as much affected as my own: I cou'd no more bear the Qualities you say you have, than I know you are guilty of 'em: Your pretty Arts in striving to avoid, have charm'd me: Had you been precisely Coy, or over modest, your Virtue then might have been suspected: Your shewing me what a Man of Sense shou'd hate, convinces me you know too what he ought to love; and she that's once so well acquainted with the Charms of Virtue, never can forsake it: I both admire and love you now; you've made what only was my Interest, my Happiness: At my first view, I wou'd you only to secure a sordid Fortune, which now I, overjoy'd, cou'd part with; nay, with Life, with any thing to purchase your unrival'd Heart.

Ros. Now, I am plung'd indeed. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I own you have discover'd me; and since you have oblig'd me to be serious, I now, from my sincerity, Protest my Heart's already given, from whence no Power nor Interest shall recall it.

Hyp. I

Hyp. I hate my Interest, and wou'd owe no Power, or Title, but to Love!
Ros. If, as you say, you think I find a Charm in Virtue, you'l know too, there is a Charm in Constancy: You ought to scorn me, shou'd I flatter you with Hope, since now you are assur'd I must be false, before I can be yours: if what I've said seems cold, or too neglectful of your Merit, call it not Ingratitude, or scorn, but Faith unmov'd, and Justice to the Man I Love.

Hyp. Death! I have fool'd away my hopes, she must consent, and soon, or yet I am lost——

Ros. He seems a little thoughtful, if he has Honour there may yet be hopes.

Hyp. It must——it can be only so, that way I make her sure, and serve my Brother too. [*Aside.*] Well Madam, to let you see I am a Friend to Love, tho' Love's an Enemy to me, give me but a seeming Proof, that *Octavio* is the undisputed Master of your Heart, and I'll forego the Power your Father's Obligations give me, and throw my hopes into his Arms with you.

Ros. Sir, You confound me with this Goodness, a Proof! 'st possible will that content you? Command me to what Proof you'l please, or if you'l trust to my sincerity, let these my Tears of Joy convince you: Here on my Knees, by all my hopes of Peace I Swear——

Hyp. Hold——Swear never to make an Husband but *Octavio*.

Ros. I Swear, and Heaven befriend me, as I keep this Vow Inviolat.

Hyp. Rise, Madam, and now receive a secret, which I need not charge you to be careful of, since as well your quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common Prudence between us, in all probability, before night, may make us happy in our separate wishes.

Ros. What mean you, Sir? Sure you are some Angel sent to my deliverance.

Hyp. Truly, Madam, I have been often told so: But like most Angels of my kind, there is a mortal Man in the World, who I have a great mind shou'd know I am——but a Woman.

Ros. A Woman! are not you *Don Philip*?

Hyp. His Shadow, Madam, no more: I just run before him——nay, and after him too.

Ros. I am confounded——A Woman!

Hyp. As arrant a Woman from Top to Toe, as ever Man run mad for.

Ros. Nay then you are an Angel.

Hyp. Perhaps you'll think me a little a-kin to one at least, *Octavio*; Madam, your Lover, is my Brother, my name *Hyppolita*, my story you shall know at leisure.

Ros. *Hyppolita*! Nay then from what you've said, and what I have heard *Octavio* say of you, I guess your story: But this was too extravagant a thought.

Hyp. That's true, Madam, it——it——it was a little round about indeed, I might have found a nearer way to *Don Philip*: But these men are such Tetchy things, they can never stay one time, always in haste, just as they please: Now we are to look Kind, then Grave, now Soft, then I ncere——

Fiddle——

Fiddlestick! when, may be, a Woman has a new Suit of Knots on her Head—So if we happen not to be in their humour, forsooth, then we are Coquet, and Proud, and Vain, and then they are to turn Fools, and tell us so, and then one pouts, and t'other huffs, and so at last you see, there's such a Plague, that—I don't know—one does not care to be rid of 'em neither.

Ros. A very generous Confession.

Hyp. Well, Madam, now you know me thoroughly, I hope you'll think me as fit for an Husband, as another Woman.

Ros. Then I must Marry you.

Hyp. Ay, and speedily too, for I expect *Don Philip* every moment; and if we don't look about us, he will be apt to forbid the Banes.

Ros. If he comes, What shall we do?

Hyp. I am provided for him—here comes your Father—he's secure. Come, put on a dumb consenting Air, and leave the rest to me.

Ros. Well! this getting the better of my wise Papa, won't be the least part of my Satisfaction.

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. So, Son, how does the Battel go now? have you Cannonaded stoutly? Does she cry Quarter?

Hyp. My Dear Father, let me Embrace your Knees, my life's too poor to make you a return—you have given me an Empire. Sir, I wou'd not change to be Duke of *Anjou*, Prince *Eugene*, Pope, or lawful King of *Spain*.

D. Ma. Ah Rogue! he has done it! he has done it! he has her! ha! is't not so, my little Champion?

Hyp. Victoria, Sir, the Town's my own, look here! and here! Sir, Thus have I been Plundering this half hour, and thus, and thus, and thus, till my Lips ake again.

D. Ma. Ah! Give me the great Chair—I can't bear my Joy,—you Rampant Rogue, cou'd not you give the Poor Girl a Quarter of an hours Warning?

Hyp. My Charmer!

[Embracing Rosara.]

D. Ma. Ah! my Cares are over!

Hyp. O! I told you, Sir—Hearts, and Towns are never too strong for a surprize.

D. Ma. Prithee be quiet, I hate the sight of you—*Rosara*? Come hither, you Wicked thing, come hither I say.

Ros. I am glad to see you so well pleas'd, Sir.

D. Ma. O! I cannot live—I can't live! It pours upon me, like a Torrent, I am as full as a Bumper—it runs over at my Eyes. I shall choak—answer me two Questions, and kill me outright.

Ros. Any thing that will make you more pleas'd, Sir.

D. Ma. Are you positively resolv'd to marry this Gentleman?

Ros. Sir, I am convinc'd 'tis the first Match, that can make me happy.

D. Ma. I

D. Ma. I am the miserablest Dog alive—and I warrant you are willing to marry him to morrow Morning, if I shou'd ask you.

Ros. Sooner, Sir, if you think it necessary.

D. Ma. O! This malicious Jade has a mind to destroy me all at once—you cursed Toad! how did you do to get in with her so?

Ros. Come, Sir, take Heart, your Joy won't be always so troublesome.

D. Ma. You lye, Haffy, I shall be plagu'd with it as long as I live.

Hyp. You must not live above two hours then! *[Aside.]*

D. Ma. I warrant this Raking Dog will get her with Child too—I shall have a young Squab *Spaniard* upon my Lap, that will so Grand Papa me!—Why you confident Jade, do you consider you'l be as thick as you are long in a Twelve Month?

Ros. I don't know what you mean, Sir.

D. Ma. Was ever Man so Plagu'd with Happiness?—Well! What want you, Gloomy-Face?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, Here's a Gentleman desires to speak with you, he says he comes from *Sevil*.

D. Ma. From *Sevil*, ha! Prithce let him go thither again—Tell him I am a little busie about being overjoy'd.

Hyp. My life op't, Sir, this must be the Fellow, that my Servant told you of, employ'd by *Osavio*.

D. Ma. Very likely.

Enter Trappanti.

Tra. Sir, Sir—News, News!

D. Ma. Ay, This Fellow has a good merry Face now—I like him: Well! What dost thou say, Lad—But hold, Sirrah! has any body told thee how it is with me.

Tra. Sir!

D. Ma. Do you know, Puppy, that I am ready to Cry?

Tra. Cry, Sir, for what?

D. Ma. Joy! Joy! you Whelp, my Cares are over. Madam's to marry your Master, Sirrah, and I am as wet with Joy, as if I had been thrown into a Sea full of good luck—Why don't you Cry, Dog?

Tra. Uh! Well, well, Sir, I do—but now if you please let me tell you my business.

D. Ma. Well! What's the matter, Sirrah?

Tra. Nay, no great matter, Sir, only—*Slylooks* is come, that's all.

D. Ma. *Slylooks*! What! the Bamboosler? ha! ha!

Tra. He, Sir, He!

D. Ma. I am glad of it, Faith—now I shall have a little Diversion to moderate my Joy—I'll wait on the Gentleman my self—don't you be out

out of the way, Son, I'll be with you presently.—O! my jaws, this fit will carry me off—hark you, if it does, Prithee my Dear Murderer, write upon my Grave-Stone, *Here Lyes Don Manuel Grimaldi, who was unfortunately killed with joy in the Sixty Ninth Year of his Age.* O You dear Toad, good by. [Exit.]

Hyp. Ha! ha! ha! The Old Gentleman's as merry as a Fiddle. How he'll start, when a string snaps in the middle of his Tune?

Ros. At least, we shall make him change it, I believe.

Hyp. That we shall, and here comes one, that's to Play upon him.

Enter Flora hastily.

Flo. Don Philip, where are you, I must needs speak with you. Begging your Ladyships Pardon, Madam. [Whispers *Hyp.*] Stand to your Arms, the Enemies at the Gate, Faith. But I have just thought of a sure Card to win the Lady into our Party.

Ros. Who can this Youth be, she is so familiar with? he must certainly know her business here, and she is reduc'd to trust him: what odd things we Women are? never know our own minds? How very humble now has her pride made her?

Hyp. (To *Flo.*) I like your advice so well, that to tell you the Truth, I have made bold to take it, before you gave it me.

Flo. Is't possible!

Hyp. Come, I'll introduce you.

Flo. Then the business is done.

Hyp. Madam, if your Ladyship pleases.

[To *Ros.*

Ros. Is this Gentleman your Friend, Sir?

Hyp. This Friend, Madam, is my Gentlewoman at your Service.

Ros. Gentlewoman! What are we all going into Breeches then?

Flo. That us'd to be my post, Madam, when I wore a Needle: But now I have got a Sword by my Side, I shall be proud to be your Ladyships Humble Servant.

Ros. Troth I think it's a pity you shou'd either of you ever part with your Swords: I never saw a prettier couple of *Adroit Cavaliers* in my life.

Flo. I gad I don't know how it is, Madam, but methinks these Breeches give me such a mettled Air, I can't help Fancying, but that I have left my Sex at home in my Petticoats.

Hyp. Why Faith for ought I know hadst thou been born to Breeches, instead of a *Fille de Chambre*, Fortune might have made thee a *Beau Garçon* at the Head of a Regiment—but hush! There's Don Philip, and the old Gentleman: We must not be seen yet. If you please to retire, Madam, I'll tell you how we intend to deal with 'em.

Ros. With all my Heart.—Come Ladies.—Gentlemen, I beg your Pardon.

[Exit.]

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

The SCENE continues.

Enter Don Manuel, and Don Philip.

D. Man. **W**ELL Sir! and so you were Robb'd of your *Portmantue* you say at *Toledo*, in which were all your Letters, and Writings relating to your Marriage with my Daughter, and that's the Reason you are come without 'em.

D. Phi. I thought Sir, you might Reasonably take it ill, shou'd I have layn a week or two in Town without paying you my Duty: I was not Robb'd of the Regard I owe my Father's Friend: That, Sir, I have brought with me, and 'twou'd have been ill Manners not to have paid it at my first Arrival.

D. Ma. Ah! how smooth the Spark is! [*Aside.* Well Sir, I am, pretty considerably glad to see you: but I hope you'll excuse me, if in a Matter of this Consequence, I seem a little cautious.

D. Phi. Sir, I shalln't propose any Immediate Progress in my Affair, till you receive fresh Advice from my Father; in the mean time, I shall think my self oblig'd by the Bare Freedom of your House, and such Entertainment as you'd at least afford a Common Stranger.

D. Ma. Impudent Rogue! The Freedom of my House! Yes, that he may be always at hand to secure the Main Chance for my Friend *Octavio*: — But now I'll have a touch of the Bamboozle with him — Look you Sir, while I see nothing to contradict what you say you are, d'ye see? you shall find me a Gentleman.

D. Phi. So my Father told me, Sir.

D. Ma. But then on the other hand, d'ye see? a Man's Honesty is not always written in his Face; and (Begging your Pardon Sir) if you shou'd prove a damn'd Rogue now, d'ye see?

D. Phi. Sir, I can't in Reason take any thing Ill, that proceeds only from your Caution.

D. Ma. Civil Rascal.

[*Aside.*

No, no, as you say, I hope you won't take it Ill neither: For how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (Begging your Pardon again Sir) may be all a Lye?

D. Phi. Another Man, indeed, might say the same to you: But I shall take it kindly Sir, if you suppose me a Villain no oftner than you have occasion to suspect me.

D. Ma. Sir you speak like a Man of Honour, 'tis confess'd, but (begging your Pardon again Sir) so may a Rascal too sometimes.

D. Phi. But a Man of Honour, Sir, can never speak like a Rascal.

D. Ma. Why, then with your Honours leave Sir, is there no body here in *Madrid* that knows you?

D. Phi. Sir I never saw *Madrid* till within these two hours: tho' there is a Gentleman in Town, that knew me Intimately, at *Sevil*, I met him by accident at the Inn where I alighted; He's known here, if it will give you any present satisfaction, I believe I cou'd easily produce him to Vouch for me.

D. Ma. At the Inn say you, did you meet this Gentleman? What's his Name pray?

D. Phi. *Ostavio Cruzado*.

D. Ma. Hah! my Friend *Ostavio*! this agrees word for word with Honest *Trappanti*'s Intelligence— [*Aside.*

Well Sir, and Pray what does he give you for this Job?

D. Phi. Job Sir?

D. Ma. Ay, that is, Do you undertake it out of Good Fellowship? or are you to have a sort of Fellow Feeling in the Matter?

D. Phi. Sir, if you believe me to be the Son of *Don Fernando*, I must tell you Your manner of Receiving me, is what you ought not to suppose can please him, or I can thank you for: If you think me an Impostor, I'll ease you of the Trouble of suspecting me, and leave your House till I can bring better Proofs of who I am.

D. Ma. Do so Friend; and in the mean time, d'ye see? Pray give my Humble Service to the Politician, and tell him, that to your certain knowledge, the Old Fellow, and the Old Rogue, and the Old Putt, d'ye see? knows to Bamboozle as well as himself.

D. Phi. Politician! and Bamboozle! Pray, Sir, let me understand you, that I may know how to answer you.

D. Ma. Come, come, don't be discourag'd Friend ——— sometimes you know the strongest Wits must Fail; you have an Admirable Head 'tis confess'd, with as able a Face to it as ever stuck upon two Shoulders: But who the Devil can help ill luck? For it happens at this time, d'ye see? that it won't do.

D. Phi. Won't do Sir!

D. Ma. Nay, if you won't understand me now, here comes an Honest Fellow now, that will speak you Point Blank to the Matter.

Enter Trappanti.

Come hither Friend, Do'st thou know this Gentleman?

Tra. Bless me Sir! is it you? Sir, this is my old Master I liv'd with at *Sevil*.

D. Phi. I remember thee, thy Name's *Trappanti*, thou wert my Servant when I first went to Travel.

Tra. Ay Sir, and above Twenty Months after you came home to.

D. Phi. You see Sir this Fellow knows me.

D. Ma. O, I never question'd it in the least, Sir; Prithee, what's this worthy Gentlemans Name Friend?

Tra. Sir, your Honour has heard me talk of him a Thousand times, his Name, Sir, his Name's *Gusman*; his Father, Sir, Old *Don Gusman* is the most Eminent Lawyer in all *Sevil*; was the very Person that drew up the Settlement, and Articles of my Master's Marriage with your Honours Daughter: This Gentleman knows all the particulars, as well, as if he had drawn 'em up himself. But, Sir, I hope there's no Mistake in 'em: That may defer the Marriage.

D. Phi. Confusion.

D. Ma. Now, Sir, What sort of Answer do you think fit to make me?

D. Phi. Now, Sir, that I am oblig'd in Honour not to leave your House, till I at least have seen the Villain that calls himself *Don Philip*, that has Robb'd me of my Portmantue, and wou'd you, Sir, of your Honour, and your Daughter — as for this Rascal —

Tra. Sir, I demand Protection.

[*Runs behind D. Ma.*

D. Ma. Hold, Sir, since you are brisk, and in my own House too, call your Master Friend: You'll find we have Swords within can Match you.

Tra. Ay, Sir, I may chance to fend you one will take down your Courage.

[*Exit Tra.*

D. Phi. I ask your Pardon, Sir, I must Confess the Villainy I see's design'd against my Father's Friend, had Transported me beyond Good Manners: But be assur'd, Sir, use me henceforward as you please, I will Detect it tho' I lose my Life. Nothing shall affront me now, till I have prov'd my self your Friend indeed, and *Don Fernando's* Son.

D. Ma. Nay, look you Sir, I will be very Civil too — I won't say a word — you shall e'en squabble it out by your selves: Not but at the same time thou art to me the merriest Fellow that ever I saw in my Life.

Enter Hypolita, Flora, and Trappanti.

Hyp. Who's this, that dares Usurp my Name, and calls himself *Don Phillip de las Torres*?

D. Phi. Hah ! This is a Young Competitor indeed.

[*Aside.*

Flo. Is this the Gentleman, Sir ?

D. Ma. Yes, yes, that's he ! ha ! ha !

D. Phi. Yes, Sir, I am the Man, who but this Morning lost that Name upon the Road : I am inform'd, an Impudent Young Rascal has Pick'd it out of some Writings in the Portmantue he Robb'd me of, and has brought it hither before me : Do you know any such, Sir ?

Flo. The Fellow really does it very well Sir.

D. Ma. O ! To a Miracle.

[*Aside.*

Hyp. Prithee Friend, How long do'st thou expect thy Impudence will keep thee out of a Gaol ? Cou'd not the Coxcomb that put thee upon this, inform thee too, that this Gentleman was a Magistrate ?

D. Ma. Well said my little Champion.

D. Phi. Now in my Opinion, Child, That might as well put thee in mind of thy own Condition : For suppose thy Wit and Impudence shou'd so far succeed, as to let thee Ruine this Gentleman's Family, by really Marrying his Daughter, thou canst not but know 'tis impossible thou shouldest Enjoy her long ; a very few Days must unavoidably discover thee ; in the mean time, if thou wilt spare me the Trouble of Exposing thee, and Generously Confess thy Roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee ; but if thou still proceedest upon his Credulity to a Marriage with the Lady, don't Flatter thy self that all her Fortune shall buy off my Evidence ; for I am Bound in Honour, as well as Law, to Hang thee for the Robbery.

Hyp. Sir, You are Extreemly kind.

Flo. Very Civil, I Gad !

Hyp. But mayn't I presume, my Dear Friend, this Wheedle was offer'd as a Tryal of this Gentlemans Credulity ? Ha ! ha !

D. Ma. Indeed, my Friend, 'tis a very shallow one : Canst thou think I am such a Sot, as to believe, that if he knew 'twere in thy Power to Hang him, he wou'd not have run away at first sight of thee ?

Tra. Ay Sir, He must be a Dull Rogue indeed, that wou'd not run away from an Halter ! Ha ! ha !

Om. Ha ! ha ! ha !

D. Phi. Sir, I ask your Pardon : I begin now indeed to be a little sensible of my Folly—I perceive this Gentleman has done his Business with you Effectually : However Sir, the Duty I owe my Father, Obliges me not to leave your Cause, tho' I will leave your House immediately ; when you see me next, you'll know *Don Philip* from a Rascal.

D. Ma.

D. Ma. Ah! It will be the same thing if I know a Rascal from *Don Philip*: But if you please, Sir, never give your self any farther Trouble in this Business; for what you have done, d'ye see? is so far from interrupting my Daughters Marriage, that with this Gentlemans leave, I am Resolv'd to Finish it this very Hour; so that when you see the *Politician*, you must tell him you had Cursed luck, that's all. Ha! ha! ha!

D. Phi. Very well Sir, I may have better when I see you next.

Hyp. Look you Sir, since your Undertaking (tho' you design'd it otherwise) has promoted my Happiness, thus far I pass it by, tho' I question, if a Man, that stoops to do such Base Injuries, dares defend 'em with his Sword: However, now at least you're Warn'd; but be assur'd, your next Attempt—

D. Phi. Will startle you, my Spark: I'm afraid you'll be a little Humbler when you are Hand-Cuff'd; tho' you won't take my Word against him, Sir, perhaps another Magistrate may by Oath; which, because I see his Marriage is in haste, I am oblig'd to make immediately: If he can out-face the Law too, I shall be content to be ~~the~~ the Coxcomb then you think me. [Ex. *D. Philip*.]

D. Ma. Ah! Poor Fellow, he's resolv'd to carry it off with a good Face however, ha! ha!

Tra. Ay Sir, that's all he has for't indeed.

Hyp. *Trappanti* follow him, and do as I directed.

[*Aside to Tra.*

Tra. I warrant you Sir.

[*Ex. Tra.*

D. Ma. Hah, my little Champion, let me Kiss thee, thou hast carried the Day like an *Hero*! Man, nor Woman, nothing can stand before thee. In my Conscience, had I been the Bully of *France*, I shou'd have made a *Philip* the Fifth of thee. But's no Matter, what I can give thee, thou shalt have, with a good Title to it however, I'll make thee Monarch of my Daughter immediately.

Hyp. That's the *Indies* Sir.

D. Ma. Well said my Lad— ah, my Heart's going to Dance again; Prithee let's in, before it gets the better of me, and give the Bride an account of thy Victory.

Hyp. Sir, if you please to prepare my way, I'll March after you in Form, and lay my Lawrels at her Feet like a Conquerer.

D. Ma. Say'st thou so my little Soldier? Why then I'll send for the Priest, and thou shalt be Married in Tryumph.

Hyp. Now *Flora*.

Flo. Ay, Now Madam; Who says we are not Politicians? I'd fain see any Turn of State manag'd with half this Dexterity. But Pray what's *Trappanti* Detacht for?

Hyp. Only to Interrupt the Motions of the Enemy, Girl, till we are safe in our Trenches: For shou'd *Don Philip* chance to Rally upon us with an Alguazile and a Warrant, before I am Fast Ty'd to the Lady, we may be Routed for all this.

Fl.

Flo. *Trappanti* knows his Business I hope.

Hyp. You'll see presently—But hush! Here comes my Brother! Poor Gentleman, he's upon Thorns too, I have made *Rosara* Write him a most provoking Letter.

Flo. Nay, you have an admirable Genius to Mischief; but what has Poor *Octavio* done to you, that he must be Plagu'd too?

Hyp. Well! Dear *Flora* don't Chide; indeed this shall be the last Day of my Reign: Come now let's in, keep up the Old *Dons* Humour, and laugh at him.

Flo. Ay there with all my Heart.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Octavio with a Letter, and Viletta.

Oct. *Rosara* False! Distraction!

Vil. Nay, don't be in such a Passion.

Oct. Confess it too! so chang'd within an Hour.

Vil. Ah! Dear Sir, if you had but seen how the young Gentleman lay'd about him, you'd have wonder'd she held out so long.

Oct. Death! 'tis impossible.

Vil. Common Sir, Common: I have known a Prouder Lady, as Nimble as she—What will you lay, that before the Moon Changes, she is not False to your Rival?

Oct. Don't Torture me *Viletta*.

Vil. Come Sir, take Heart, my Life on't you'll be the Happy Man at last.

Oct. Thou'rt Mad! does not she tell me, here in her Letter, she has her self consented to Marry another? Nay does not she Insult me to with a——— Yet she Loves me better than the Person she is [to Marry?

Vil. Insult! Is that the best you can make on't? Ah, you Men have such Heads.

Oct. What dost thou mean?

Vil. Sir, to be free with you, my Mistress is grown Wise at last; my Advice, I perceive, begins to work with her, and your business is done.

Oct. What was thy Advice?

Vil. Why to give the Post of Husband to your Rival, and put you in for a Deputy. You know the business of the Place, Sir, if you mind it, by the help of a few good Stars, and a little Moon-shine, there's many a fair Perquisite may fall in your way.

Oct. Thou ravest *Viletta*, 'tis impossible she can fall so low.

Vil. Ah Sir, you can't think how Love will humble a Body.

Oct. I'll believe nothing ill of her, till her own Mouth confesses it; she can never own this Letter; she can't but know I shou'd stab her with Reproaches. Therefore, Dear *Viletta*, ease me of my Torments; go

this

this Minute, and tell her I am upon the Rack, till I speak with her.

Vil. Sir, I dare not for the World ; the old Gentleman's with her, he'll knock my Brains out.

Oth. I'll protect the with my Life.

Vil. Sir, I wou'd not venture to do it for—for—for Yes I wou'd for a Pistole.

Oth. Confound her— There, there 'tis ! Dear *Viletta*, be my Friend this time, and I'll be thine for ever.

Vil. Now, Sir, you deserve a Friend.

[*Ex. Vil.*

Oth. Sure this Letter must be but Artifice, a Humour to try how far my Love can bear— and yet methinks she can't but know the Impudence of my young Rival, and her Father's Importunity are too Pressing to allow her any time to Fool away ; and if she were really false, she cou'd not take a Pride in confessing it. Death ! I know not what to think ; The Sex is all a Riddle, and we are the Fools that Crack our Brains to expound 'em.

Re-enter Viletta.

Now dear *Viletta*.

Vil. Sir, she begs your Pardon, they have just sent for the Priest, but they will be glad to see you about and Hour hence, as soon as the Wedding's over.

Oth. *Viletta* !

Vil. Sir, she says in short, she can't possibly speak with you now, for she is just going to be Married.

Oth. Death ! Daggers ! Blood ! Confusion ! And Ten Thousand Furies !

Vil. Hey day ! What's all this for ?

Oth. My Brains are turn'd, *Viletta*.

Vil. Ay by my Troth so one wou'd think, if one cou'd but believe you had any at all : If you have Three Grains, I am sure you can't but know her Compliance with this Match must give her a little Liberty ; and can you suppose she'd desire to see you an Hour hence, if she did not design to make use of it ?

Oth. Use of it ! Death ! When the Wedding's over ?

Vil. Dear Sir, but the Bedding won't be over, and I presume that's the Ceremony you have a mind to be Master of.

Oth. Don't Flatter me, *Viletta*.

Vil. Faith Sir, I'll be very Plain : You are to me the Dullest Person that ever I saw in my Life ; but if you have a Mind, I'll tell her you won't come.

Oth. No don't say so *Viletta*.

Vil.

Vil. Then pray Sir, do as she bids you; don't stay here to spoil your own sport; you'll have the Old Gentleman come Thundering down upon you, by and by, and then we shall have you at your Ten Thousand Furies again—St! Here's Company, Good by to you.

[*Ex. Vil.*]

Enter Don Philip his Sword Drawn, and Trappanti

Off. How now! What's the meaning of this?

D. Phi. Come Sir, there's no Retreating now; This you must justify;

Tra. Sir I will, and a great deal more: But pray Sir, give me leave to recover my Courage—I protest the Keen looks of that Instrument, have quite frightened it away—Pray put it up Sir.

D. Phi. Nay, to let thee see, I had rather be thy Friend than Enemy, I'll bribe thee to be Honest: Discharge thy Conscience like a Man, and I engage to make these Five, Ten Pieces.

Enter a Servant.

Tra. Sir your Business shall be done Effectually.

D. Phi. Here Friend, will you tell your Master I desire to speak with him?

Off. Don Philip!

D. Phi. *Offavio!* This is Fortunate indeed—The only Place in the World I wou'd have wish'd to have found you in.

Off. What's the Matter?

D. Phi. You'll see presently—But prithee how stands your Affair with your Mistress?

Off. The Devil take me if I can tell you—I don't know what to make of her; about an Hour ago, she was for scaling Walls to come at me, and this Minute—Whip, she's going to Marry the Stranger I told you of, nay, confesses to, 'tis with her own Consent, and yet begs by all means to see me as soon as her Wedding's over—Is not it very pretty?

Re-enter Servant.

D. Phi. Some thing gay indeed.

Ser. Sir my Master will wait on you presently.

Off. But the Plague on't is, my Love can't bear this jesting—Well, now how stands your Affair, have you seen your Mistress yet?

D. Phi. No: I can't get admittance to her.

Off. How so?

D. Phi.

D. Phi. When I came to pay my Duty here to the Old Gentleman—

Oct. Here!

D. Phi. Ay, I found an Impudent Young Rascal here before me, that had taken my Name upon him, Robb'd me of my Portmantue, and by Virtue of some Papers there, knew all my concerns to a Tittle, has told a Plausible Tale to her Father, Fac'd him down, that I am an Impostor, and if I don't this Minute prevent him, is now going to Marry the Lady.

Oct. Death! and Hell!

[*Aside.*

What sort of fellow was this Rascal?

D. Phi. A little Pert Coxcomb, by his Impudence and Drefs, I guess him to be some *French* Page.

Oct. A White Wig, Red Coat—

D. Phi. Right, the very Picture of the little *Englishman* we knew at *Paris*.

Oct. Confusion! My Friend, at last my Rival too—Yet hold! my Rival is my Friend, he owns he has not seen her yet—

[*Aside.*

D. Phi. You seem concern'd.

Oct. Undone for ever unless dear *Philip's* still my Friend.

D. Phi. What's the matter?

Oct. Be Generous, and tell me, have I ever yet deserv'd your Friendship?

D. Phi. I hope my Actions have confest it.

Oct. Forgive my fears, and since 'tis impossible you can feel the Pain of Loving her you are engag'd to Marry, not having, as you own, yet ever seen her, let me Conjure you, by all the Tyes of Honour, Friendship, and of Pity, never to attempt her more.

D. Phi. You amaze me!

Oct. 'Tis the same dear Creature, I so Passionately dote on.

D. Phi. Is't possible? Nay, then be easie in thy Thoughts *Octavio*, and now I dare Confess the Folly of my own: I am not sorry thou art my Rival here. Inspight of all my weak Philosophy, I must own the secret Wishes of my Soul are still *Hypolitas*—I know not why, but yet methinks the unaccountable Repulses, I have met with here, look like an Omen of some New, tho' far Distant Hope of her—I can't help thinking that my Fortune still resolves, Spite of her Cruelty, to make me one Day Happy.

Oct. Quit but *Rosara*, I'll Pawn my Soul she shall be yours.

D. Phi. Not only that, but will assist you with my life to gain her, I shall easily excuse my self to my Father, for not Marrying the Mistress of my dearest Friend.

Oct. Dear *Philip*, let me embrace you—But how shall we manage this Rascal of an Impostor? Suppose you run immediately, and Swear the Robbery against him?

H

D. Phi.

D. Phi. I was just going about it ; But my accidental meeting with this Fellow, has luckily prevented me, who you must know has been chief Engineer in the Contrivance against me ; but between Threats, Bribes, and Promises, has confest the whole Roguery, and is now ready to Swear it against him : so because I understand the Spark is very near his Marriage, I thought this wou'd be the best, and soonest way to Detect him.

Oñ. That's Right ! The least delay might have lost all : Besides, I am here to strengthen his Evidence ; For I can Swear, that you are the true *Don Philip*.

D. Phi. Right.

Tra. Sir, with humble submission, that will be quite VVrong.

Oñ. Why so ?

Tra. Because Sir, the Old Gentleman is substantially convinc'd that 'tis you who have put *Don Philip* upon laying this pretended Claim to his Daughter, purely to Defer the Marriage, that in the mean time you might get an opportunity to run away with her ; for which reason, Sir, you'll find your Evidence will but fly in your Face, and hasten the Match with your Rival.

D. Phi. Ha ! there's Reason in that — All your endeavours will but confirm his Jealousie of me.

Oñ. What wou'd you have me do ?

Tra. Don't appear at the Tryal, Sir.

D. Phi. By no means ; rather wait a little in the Street ; be within call, and leave the Management to me.

Oñ. Be careful Dear *Philip*.

D. Phi. I always us'd to be more Fortunate in serving my Friend than my self.

Oñ. But hark you, here lives an *Alguazile* at the next House, suppose I shou'd send him to you to secure the Spark in the mean time ?

D. Phi. Do so ; we must not lose a Moment.

Oñ. I won't stir from the Door.

D. Phi. You'll soon hear of me, away.

[*Ex. Oñ.*

Tra. So, now I have divided the Enemy, there can be no great Danger, if it shou'd come to a Battle — *Basta !* here comes our Party.

D. Phi. Stand aside, till I call for you.

[*Tra. retires.*

Enter

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. Well Sir! What Service have you to Command me now Pray?

D. Phi. Now Sir, I hope my Credit will stand a little Fairer with you; all I beg, is but your patient Hearing.

D. Ma. Well, Sir, you shall have it—But then I must beg one Favour of you too, which is to make the Business as short as you can: For to tell you the Truth, I am not very willing to have any farther Trouble about it.

D. Phi. Sir, if I don't now Convince you of your Error, believe, ~~that~~ and use me like a Villain; in the mean time, Sir, I hope you'll think of a proper Punishment for the Merry Gentleman that hath impos'd upon you.

D. Ma. Withal my Heart, I'll leave him to thy Mercy; here he comes, bring him to Tryal as soon as you please.

Enter Flora, and Hypolita.

Flo. So! *Trappanti* has succeeded, he's come without the Officers.

[to *Hyp.*

Hyp. Hearing Sir, you were below, I did not care to disturb the Family by putting your Officers to the Trouble of a needless Search; let me see your Warrant, I am ready to Obey it.

D. Ma. Ay! Where's your Officer?

Flo. I thought to have seen him March in in State, with an *Alguazile* before him.

D. Phi. I was afraid Sir, upon Second Thoughts, your Business wou'd not stay for a Warrant, tho' 'tis possible I may provide you, for I think this Gentleman's a Magistrate; in the mean—O! Here I have prevail'd with an *Alguazile* to wait upon you. O! Do you Start Sir.

Enter Alguazile.

Alg. Did you send for me, Sir?

D. Phi. Ay, secure that Gentleman.

D. Ma. Hold! hold Sir, all things in Order; this Gentleman is yet my Guest, let me be first acquainted with his Crime, and then I shall better know how he deserves to be Treated; and that we may have no hard words upon one another; if you please Sir, let me first talk with you in Private. [they Whisp.]

Hyp. Undone! That Fool *Trappanti*, or that Villian, I know not, which, has at least mistaken, or betray'd me! Ruin'd past Redemption.

Flo. Our Affairs methinks begin to look with a very indifferent Face—Ha! the Old *Don* seems surpriz'd! I don't like that—What shall we do? [Aside.]

Hyp. I am at my Wits End.

Flo. Then we must either Confess, or to Jail, that's positive.

Hyp. I'll rather starve there, than be Discover'd; shou'd he at last Marry with *Rosara*, the very shame of this Attempt wou'd Kill me.

Flo. Death! What do you mean? That Hanging look were enough to Confirm a Suspicion: Bear up for shame.

Hyp. Impossible! I am Dash'd, Confounded; if thou hast any Courage left, show it quickly, go, Speak before my fears betray me. [Aside.]

D. Ma. If you can make this appear by any Witness, Sir, I confess it will surprize me indeed.

Flo. Ay Sir, if you have any Witnesses, we desire you'd Produce 'em,

D. Phi. Sir, I have a Witness at your Service, and a substantial one—
Hey *Trappanti*.

Enter Trappanti.

Now Sir, What think you?

Hyp. Ha! The Rogue winks—Then there's Life again! [Aside.]
Is this your Witness Sir?

D. Phi. Yes, Sir; this Poor Fellow at last it seems, happens to be Honest enough to Confess himself a Rogue, and your Accomplice.

Hyp. Ha! ha!

D. Phi. Ha ha! You are very merry, Sir.

D. Ma. Nay there is a Jest between you, that's certain—But come Friend, What say you to the Business? Have you any Proof to offer upon Oath, that this Gentleman is the True *Don Philip*, and consequently, this other here an Impostor?

D. Phi. Speak boldly.

Tra. Ay Sir, but shall I come to no harm if I do speak?

D. Ma.

D. Ma. Let it be Truth, and I'll Protect thee.

Tra. Are you sure I shall be safe Sir?

D. Ma. I give thee a my word of Honour; speak boldly to the Question.

Tra. Well Sir! Since I must speak then; in the first Place, I desire your Honour wou'd be pleas'd to Command the Officer to secure that Gentleman.

D. Ma. How Friend!

D. Phi. Secure me Rascal?

Tra. Sir, if I can't be protected, I shall never be able to speak.

D. Ma. I warrant thee—What is't you wou'd say Friend?

Tra. Sir, as I was just now crossing the Street, this Gentleman with a sneer in his Face, takes me by the Hand, claps Five Pistoles in my Palm (here they are!) shuts my Fist close upon 'em, My Dear Friend, says he, you must do me a piece of Service; upon which, Sir, I bows me him down to the Ground and desir'd him to open his Case.

D. Phi. What means the Rascal?

D. Ma. Sir, I am as much amaz'd as you; but pray let's hear him that we may know his meaning.

Fra. So Sir, upon this he runs me over a long Story of a Sham, and a Flam he had just contriv'd, he said, to defer my Masters Marriage only for Two Days.

D. Phi. Confusion!

Flo. Nay, pray Sir, let us hear the Evidence.

Tra. Upon the close of the Matter, Sir, I found at last by his Eloquence, that the whole Business depended upon my bearing a little False-witness against my Master.

Hyp. O! ho!

Tra. Upon this, Sir, I began to demurr: Sir says I, this Business will never hold Water; don't let me Undertake it, I must beg your Pardon; gave him the Negative Shrug, and was for sneaking off with the Fees in my Pocket.

D. Ma. Very well!

D. Phi. Villain!

Flo. and *Hyp.* Ha! ha! ha!

Tra. Upon this, Sir, he catches, me fast hold by the Collar, whips out his Poker, claps it within half an Inch of my Guts; now Dog! says he you shall do it, or within Two Hours stink upon the Dunghil you came from.

D. Phi. Sir, if there be any Faith in Mortal Man.

D. Ma. Nay, nay, nay, one at a Time, you shall be heard presently; Go on Friend.

Tra. Having me at this advantage, Sir, I began to think my Wit wou'd do me more Service than my Courage, so Prudently pretended out

out of Fear to comply with his Threats, and swallow the Perjury : But now Sir, being under Protection, and at Liberty of Conscience ; I have Honesty enough, you see, to tell you the whole Truth of the Matter.

D. Ma. Ay ! This is an Evidence indeed.

Omn. Ha ! ha ! ha !

D. Phi. Dog ! Villain ! Did not you confess to me that this Gentleman pick'd you up not Three Hours agoe at the same Inn where I alighted ? that he had own'd his stealing my Portmantue at *Toledo* ? that if he succeeded to Marry the Lady, you were to have a Considerable Sum for your Pains, and these Two were to share the rest of her Fortune between 'em ?

Tra. O lud ! O lud ! Sir, as I hope to die in my Bed, these are the very words, he threatned to Stab me if I wou'd not Swear against my Master——I told him at first Sir, I was not fit for his Business ; I was never good at a Lye in my Life.

Alg. Nay Sir, I saw this Gentleman's Sword at his Breast out of my Window.

Tra. Look you there Sir

D. Phi. Damnation !

Omn. Ha ! ha ! ha !

D. Ma. Really, my Friend, thou art almost turn'd Fool in this Business : If thou hadst prevail'd upon this Wretch to Perjure himself, cou'dst thou think I shou'd not have Detected him ? But Poor Man, you were a little hard put to't indeed, any shift was better than none it seems ; You knew it wou'd not be long to the Wedding.

You may go Friend.

[*Exit Alguazile.*

Flo. Ha ! ha !

D. Phi. Sir, By my Eternal Hopes of Peace and Happiness, you're Impos'd on ; if you proceed thus rashly, your Daughter is Inevitably Ruin'd : If what I've said ben't True in Fact, as Hell, or He is False, may Heav'n Brand me with the severest Marks of Perjury : Deferr the Marriage but an Hour.

D. Ma. Ay, and in half that time, I suppose you are in hopes to defer it for altogether.

D. Phi. Perdition seize me, if I have any hope, or thought, but that of serving you.

D. Ma. Nay, now thou art a Down-right Distracted Man——Do'st thou expect I shou'd take thy Bare word, when here were two Honest Fellows that have just prov'd thee in a Lye to thy Face ?

Enter

*Enter a Servant.**Serv.* Sir, the Priest is come.*D. Ma.* Is he so? Then, Sir, if you please, since you see you can do me no farther service, I believe it may be time for you to go——
Come Son, now let's wait upon the Bride, and put an end to this Gentleman's Trouble for altogether. [*Ex. D. Man.**Hyp.* Sir I'll wait on you.*D. Phi.* Confusion! I have Undone my Friend.[*Walks about.**Flo. Trappanti!* Rogue this was a Master-piece.} [*Aside.**Tra.* Sir, I believe it won't be Mended in haste.[*Ex. Flo. and Tra.**Hyp.* Sir.*D. Phi.* Ha! Alone! if we are not prevented now—— Well Sir,*Hyp.* I suppose you don't think the Favours you have design'd me are to be put up without Satisfaction: Therefore I shall expect to see you early to morrow near the *Prado* with your Sword in your Hand; In the mean time, Sir, I am a little more in haste to be the Ladys Humble Servant, than yours. [*Going.**D. Phi.* Hold Sir—— you and I can't part upon such easie Terms.*Hyp.* Sir!*D. Phi.* You're not so near the Lady, Sir, perhaps as you imagine.[*D. Phi. Locks the Door.**Hyp.* What do you mean?*D. Phi.* Speak softly.*Hyp.* Ha!*D. Phi.* Come, Sir—— Draw.*Hyp.* My Ruin now has caught me! my Plots are yet unripe for Execution, I must not, dare not let him know me, till I am sure at least he cannot be anothers—— This was the very spite of Fortune.[*Aside.**D. Phi.* Come Sir, my time's but short.*Hyp.* And mine, Sir, is too Precious to be lost on any thing but Love; besides this is no Proper Place.*D. Ma.* O! we'll make shift with it.*Hyp.* To Morrow, Sir, I shall find a better.*D. Phi.* No, now Sir, if you please—— Draw Villain; or expect such Usage as I am sure *Don Philip* wou'd not bear.*Hyp.* A Lover, Sir, may bear any thing to make sure of his Mistress—— you know it is not Fear that——*D. Phi.* No Evasions, Sir, either this Moment Confess your Villainy, your Name, and Fortune, or expect no Mercy.*Hyp.* Nay, then—— within there.*D. Phi.*

D. Phi. Move but a step, or dare to raise thy Voice beyond a Whisper, this Minute is thy last:

[*Seizes her, and holds his Sword to her Breast.*

Hyp. Sir!

[*Trembling.*

D. Phi. Villain be quick, Confess, or—

Hyp. Hold Sir—I own I dare not Fight with you.

D. Phi. No, I see thou art too poor a Villain—therefore be speedy, as thou hopest I'll spare thy Life.

Hyp. Give me but a Moments Respite Sir.

D. Phi. Dog, do you Trifle?

Hyp. Nay, then Sir—Mercy! Mercy! [*Throws her self at his Feet.*
And since I must Confess, have pity on my Youth, have pity on my Love.

D. Phi. Thy Love! What art thou? Speak.

Hyp. Unless your Generous Compassion spares me, sure the most wretched Youth that ever felt the Pangs and Torments of a successful Passion.

D. Phi. Art thou, indeed, a Lover then?—tell me thy Condition.

Hyp. Sir, I confess my Fortune's much Inferiour to my pretences in this Lady, tho', indeed, I am Born a Gentleman, and bating this Attempt 'gainst you, which ev'n the last Extremities of a Ruin'd Love have forc'd me to, ne'er yet was Guilty of a Deed or Thought, that cou'd Debase my Birth: But if you knew the Torments I have born from her Disdainful Pride; The Anxious Days, the long Watcht Winter Nights I have endur'd, to gain of her perhaps at last, a Cold relentless look, indeed you'd pity me; My Heart was so intirely Subdued, the more she slighted me, the more I Lov'd; and as my Pains increas'd, grew farther from my Cure: Her Beauty struck me with that submissive awe, that when I dar'd to speak, my Words, and Looks, were softer than an Infants Blushes: Yet all these Pangs of my Persisting Passion still were Vain: Nor shows of Tears, nor storms of Sighs cou'd melt or move the Frozen Hardness of her Dead Compassion.

D. Phi. How! very near my own Condition.

[*Aside.*

Hyp. But yet so subtle is the Flame of Love, spite of her Cruelty, I nourisht still a secret living Hope, till hearing, Sir, at last, she was design'd your Bride, Dispair compell'd me to this bold attempt of Personating you: Her Father knew not me, or my unhappy Love; I knew too you ne'er yet had seen her Face, and therefore hop'd, when I shou'd offer to repair with twice the Worth, the Value Sir, I Robb'd you of, Begging thus low for your forgiveness: I say, I hop'd at least your Generous Heart, if ever it was toucht like mine, wou'd Pity my Distress, and Pardon the Necessitated Wrong.

D. Phi.

D. Phi. Is't possible! Hast thou then Lov'd to this Unfortunate Degree?

Hyp. Unfortunate indeed, if you are still my Rival Sir: But were you not, I am sure you'd pity me.

D. Phi. Nay, then I must forgive thee: [*Raising her.*]
For I have known too well the Misery not to Pity — any thing in Love.

Hyp. Have you, Sir been Unhappy there?

D. Phi. O! thou hast Prob'd a Wound, that Time nor Art can ever heal.

Hyp. O Joyful sound — [*Aside.*]
Cherish that Generous Thought, and hope from my success, your Mistress, or your Fate, may make you blest like me.

D. Phi. Yet hold — nor Flatter thy Fond Hopes too far: For tho' I pity, and forgive thee, yet I am bound in Honour to assist thy Love no farther, than the Justice of thy Cause permits.

Hyp. What mean you Sir?

D. Phi. You must defer your Marriage with this Lady.

Hyp. Defer it! Sir, I hope it is not her you love.

D. Phi. I have a nearest Friend, that is belov'd, and loves her with an equal Flame to yours, to him my Friendship will oblige me to be just, and yet in Pity of thy Fortune, thus far I'll be a Friend to thee; give up thy Title to the Ladys Breath, and if her Choice Pronounces thee the Man, I here assure thee in my Honour to resign my Claim, and not more Partial to my Friend, than thee promote thy Happiness.

Hyp. Alas, Sir, this is no Relief, but certain Ruine: I am too well assur'd she loves your Friend.

D. Phi. Then you confess his Claim the Fairer: Her loving him's a Proof that he deserves her; if so, you are Bound in Honour to Resign her,

Hyp. Alas! Sir, Women have Fantastick Tasts, that love they know not what, and Hate they know not why; else, Sir, why are you Unfortunate?

D. Phi. I am Unfortunate, but wou'd rather Die so, than owe my Happiness to any help but an Enduring Love.

Hyp. But, Sir, I have endur'd you see in vain —

D. Phi. If thoud'st not have me think thy Story false, thy soft pretence of Love a Cheat to Melt me into Pity, and Evade my Justice, Yield; submit thy Passion to its Merit, and own I have Propos'd thee like a Friend.

Hyp. — Sir on my Knees.

D. Phi. Expect no more from me; either Comply this Moment, or my Sword shall force thee.

Hyp. Confider, Sir.

D. Phi. Nay, then Discover quick! Tell me thy Name, and Family.

Hyp. Hold Sir—

D. Phi. Speak or thou Diest.

[A Noise in the Door.]

Hyp. Sir I will—Ha! they are Entering—O for a Moments Courage—Come on, Sir.

She Breaks from him, and Draws, retiring till Don Manuel, Flora, Trappanti with Servants rush in and Part 'em.

D. Ma. Knock him down!

Flo. Part 'em!

Hyp. Away Rascal.

[Tra. who holds her.]

Tra. Hold Sir! Dear Sir, hold, you have given him enough.

Hyp. Dog! Let me go, or I'll cut away thy hold.

D. Ma. Nay, Dear Son, hold, we'll find a better way to Punish him.

Hyp. Pray Sir, give me way—A Villain to Assault me in the very Moment of my Happiness!

[Struggling.]

D. Phi. By Heav'n Sir, he this Moment has Confess'd his Villainy, and begg'd my Pardon upon his Knees.

Hyp. D'ye hear him Sir? I beg you let me go, this is beyond bearing.

D. Phi. Thou lyest Villain, 'tis thy Fear, that holds thee.

Hyp. Ha! Let me go I say.

Tra. Help ho! I am not able to hold him.

D. Ma. Force him out of the Room there; call an Officer, in the mean time secure him in the Cellar.

D. Phi. Here me but one word Sir.

D. Ma. Stop his Mouth—Out with him.

[They Hurry him off.]

—Come Dear Son be pacified.

Hyp. A Villain!

[Walking in an heat.]

Flo. Why shou'd he be concern'd now he's secure? Such a Rascal wou'd but Contaminate the Sword of a Man of Honour.

D. Ma. Ay Son, leave him to me and the Law.

Hyp. I am sorry Sir, such a Fellow shou'd have it in his Power to disturb me—But—

Enter Rosara.

D. Ma. Look! Here's my Daughter in a Fright to see for you!

Hyp. Then I am Compos'd again—

[Runs to Rosara.]

Ros. I heard Fighting here! I hope you are not Wounded, Sir.

Hyp. I have no Wound but what the Priest can Heal.

D. Ma.

D. Ma. Ah! Well said my little Champion!

Hyp. O! Madam I have such a Terrible Escape to tell you!

Ros. Truly I began to be afraid I shou'd lose my little Husband.

Hyp. Husband Quotha! Get me but once safe out of these Breeches, if ever I wear 'em again.

D. Ma. Come! come Children, the Priest stays for us.

Hyp. Sir we wait on you——

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

I 2

(60)

ACT V.

The SCENE continues.

Trappanti Alone.

Tra. **W**HAT in the Name of Roguery, can this new Master of mine be? He's either Fool, or Bewitcht, that's positive — First, he gives me Fifty Pieces for helping him to Marry the Lady; and as soon as the Wedding is over, claps me Twenty more into the other Hand, to help him to get Rid of her — Nay, not only that, but gives me a strict charge to observe his Directions in being Evidence against him as an Impostor, to refund all the Lies I have told in his Service, to sweep him clear out of my Conscience, and now to Swear the Robbery against him! What the bottom of this can be; I must confess, does a little Puzzle my Wit — There's but one way in the World I can solve it — He must certainly have some Secret Reason, to Hang himself, that he's ashamed to own, and so was resolv'd first to be Married, that his Friends might not wonder at the occasion. But here he comes with his Noose in his Hand.

Enter Hypolita, and Rosara.

Hyp. Trappanti, Go to *Don Pedro*, he has business with you.

Tra. Yes Sir.

[*Ex. Tra.*]

Ros. Who's *Don Pedro* pray?

Hyp. Flora, Madam he knows her yet by no other Name.

Ros. Well, if *Don Philip* does not think you deserve him, I am afraid he won't find another Woman that will have him in haste — But this last Escape of yours, was such a Master-piece.

Hyp. Nay, I confess between Fear and Shame, I wou'd have given my Life for a Ducate.

Ros. Tho', I wonder, when you perceiv'd him so sensibly toucht with his Old Passion, how you had Patience to conceal your self any longer

Hyp. Indeed I could not easily have resisted it; but that I knew, if I had been Discover'd before my Marriage with you, your Father be sure wou'd have insisted then upon his Contract with him, which I did.

I did not know how far *Don Philip* might be carried in point of Honour to keep: I knew too, his refusing it, wou'd but the more incense the Old Gentleman against my Brothers happiness with you; and I found my self oblig'd in gratitude not to Build my own upon the Ruine of yours.

Ros. This is an obligation I never cou'd deserve.

Hyp. Your Assistance, Madam, in my Affair has over-paid it.

Ros. What's become of *Don Philip*? I hope you have not kept him Prisoner all this while.

Hyp. O! he'll be releas'd presently, *Flora* has her orders—— Where's your Father, Madam?

Ros. I saw him go towards his Closet, I believe he's gone to fetch you part of my Fortune—— he seem'd in mighty good Humour.

Hyp. We must be sure to keep it up as high as we can, that he may be the more stunn'd when he falls.

Ros. Withal my Heart, methinks I am Possess'd with the very Spirit of Disobedience—— Now cou'd I, in the Humour I am in, Consent to any Mischief that wou'd but Heartily plague my Old Gentleman, for daring to be VViser than this word to *Octavio*.

Hyp. And if we don't plague him—— But here he comes.

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. Ah! my little Conquerour! let me Embrace thee—— That ever I shou'd live to see this Day! this most Triumphant Day, this Day of all Days of my Life.

Hyp. Ay, and of my Life, Sir.

[*Embracing him.*]

D. Ma. Ay, my cares are over—— Now I have nothing to do, but to think of the other VVorld; for I have done all my business in This; got as many Children as I cou'd, and now I am grown Old, have set a Young Couple to VVork that will do it Better.

Hyp. I warrant you, Sir, you'll soon see whether your Daughter has Married a Man, or no.

D. Ma. Ah, well said, and that you may never be out of Humour with your business, look you here Children, I have brought you some Baubles that will make you Merry as long as you live; Twenty Thousand Pistoles are the least Value of 'em and the rest of your Fortune shall be paid in the best *Barbary* Gold, to Morrow Morning

Hyp. Ay Sir, this is speaking like a Father! This is Encouragement indeed.

D. Ma. Much good may do thy Heart and Soul with 'em—— and Heaven Bless you together I have had a great deal of Care and Trouble to bring it about Children, but thank my Stars 'tis over——

over — 'tis over now — Now I may sleep with my Doors open, and never have my slumbers broken with the Fear of Rogues and Rivals.

Ros. Don't interrupt him, and see how far his Humour will carry him. [To Hyp.]

D. Ma. But there's no joy lasting in this VWorld, we must all Dye when we have done our Best, Sooner or Later, Old or Young, Prince or Peasant, High or Low, Kings, Lords, and — Common VVhores must Dye : Nothing certain ; we are forc'd to buy one Comfort with the loss of another. Now I have Marri'd my Child, I have lost my Companion — I have parted with my Girl — Her Heart's gone another way now — She'll forget her Old Father ! — I shall never have her wake me more, like a chearful Lark, with her pretty Songs in a Morning — I shall have nobody to chat at Dinner with me now, or take up a godly Book, and read me to sleep in an Afternoon — ah ! these Comforts are all gone now — [Weeps.]

Hyp. How very near the Extream of one Passion is to another ? Now is he tir'd with Joy, till he is downright Melancholly.

Ros. What's the matter Sir ?

D. Ma. Ah ! my Child ! Now it comes to the Test, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

Ros. O Sir, we shall be better Friends than ever.

D. Ma. Uh ! uh ! Shall we ? Wilt thou come and see the Old Man now and then ? Well ! Heav'n Bless thee, give me a Kiss — I must Kiss thee at parting, be a good Girl, use thy Husband well, make an Obedient Wife, and I shall die contented.

Hyp. Die Sir ! Come, come, you have a great while to Live — Hang these Melancholly Thoughts, they are the worst Company in the World at a Wedding — Consider Sir, we are Young, if you wou'd oblige us, let us have a little Life and Mirth, A Jubilee to Day at least, stir your Servants, call in your Neighbours, let me see your whole Family Mad for Joy, Sir.

D. Ma. Hah ! — Shall we ! Shall we be Merry then ?

Hyp. Merry Sir ! Ay, as Beggars at a Feast ! What ! shall a dull Spanish Custom tell me, when I am the Happiest Man in the Kingdom, I shall n't be as Mad as I have a mind to ? Let me see the Face of nothing to Day but Revels, Friends, Feasts and Musick, Sir.

D. Ma. Ah ! Thou shalt have thy Humour — Thou shalt have thy Humour ! Hey within there ! Rogues ! Dogs ! Slaves ! Where are my Rascals ? Ah ! my Joy Flows again — I can't bear it.

Enter several Servants.

Serv. Did your Honour call Sir ?

D. Ma. Call Sir ! ay Sir ; What's the Reason you are not all out of your

your Wits, Sir? don't you know that your Young Mistress is Married Scoundrells?

First Serv. Yes Sir, and we are all ready to be Mad, as soon as your Honour will please to give any Distracted Orders.

Hyp. You see, Sir, they only want a little Encouragement.

D. Ma. Ah! There shall be nothing wanting this Day, if I were sure to beg for it all my Life after — Here! Sirrah Cook! Look into the *Roman History*, see what *Mark-Antony* had for Supper, when *Cleopatra* first Treated him *Cher Entire* Rogue, let me have a Repast, that will be Six times as Expensive and Provoking — Go.

Second Serv. It shall be done, Sir.

D. Ma. And Dye hear! One of you step to *Monsieur Verdevin* the Kings Butler, for the same Wine, that His Majesty reserves for his own Drinking, tell him he shall have his Price for't.

First Serv. How much will you please to have, Sir?

D. Ma. Too much Sir! I'll have every thing upon the outside of enough to Day — Go you Sirrah, run to the Theatre, and Detach me a Regiment of Fiddlers, and Singers, and Dancers and you, Sir, to my Nephew *Don Lewis*, give my Service, and desire him to bring all the Family along with him.

Hyp. Ay Sir! This is as it shou'd be! Now it begins to look like a Wedding.

D. Ma. Ah! We'll make all the Hair in the World stand an end at our Joy.

Hyp. Here comes *Flora* — Now Madam, observe your Cue.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Your Servant Gentlemen — I need not wish you Joy — You have it I see — *Don Philip*, I must needs speak with you.

Hyp. Pshaw! Prethee don't Plague me with Business at such a Time as this.

Flo. My Business won't be deferr'd, Sir.

Hyp. Sir!

Flo. I suppose you guess it, Sir, and I must tell you, I take it ill it was not done before.

Hyp. What do you mean?

Flo. Your Ear Sir.

D. Ma. What's the matter now 'trow?

Ref. The Gentleman seems very free, methinks.

D. Ma. Troth I don't like it.

Ref. Don't Disturb 'em Sir — We shall know all presently.

Hyp. But what have you done with *Don Philip*?

Flo.

Flo. I drew the Servants out of the way, while he made his escape; I saw him very busie in the Street with *Octavio* and another Gentleman: *Trappanti* dog'd 'em, and brings me word they just now went into the Corrigidores in the next Street — Therefore what we do we must do quickly; come come, put on your Fighting Face, and I'll be with 'em presently. [Aside.]

Hyp. [Aloud] Sir I have offered you very fair, if you don't think so, I have Married the Lady, and take your Course.

Flo. Sir, our Contract was a full Third, a Third Part's my Right, and I'll have it, Sir.

D. Ma. Hay!

Hyp. Then I must tell you Sir, since your are pleas'd to call it your Right, you shall not have it.

Flo. Not Sir?

Hyp. No Sir — Look you don't put on your Pert Airs to me — Gad I shall use you very scurvily.

Flo. Use me! — You little Son of a Whore Draw;

Hyp. O Sir, I am for you

[They fight, and *D. Ma.* interposes.]

Ref. Ah! Help! Murder!

[Runs out.]

D. Ma. Within there! Help! Murder! Why Gentlemen are you Mad! Pray put up.

Hyp. A Rascal.

Enter Servants, who part 'em.

D. Ma. Friends, and Quarrel! For shame.

Flo. Friends! I scorn his Friendship, and since he does not know how to use a Gentleman, I'll do a Publick piece of Justice and use him like a Villain.

Hyp. Let me go.

D. Ma. Better words Sir.

[To *Flora*.]

Flo. VVhy, Sir, do you take this Fellow for *Don Philip*?

D. Ma. VVhat do you mean Sir?

Flo. That he has cheated me, as well, as you — But I'll have my revenge immediately.

[Exit. *Flora*.]

Hyp. walks about, and D. Ma. stares.

D. Ma. Hay! VVhat is all this? VVhat is it — My Heart mis-gives me.

Hyp. Hey! who waits there! here you?

[To a Servant.]

Bid my servant run, and hire me a Coach and Four Horses immediately.

Ser. Yes, Sir.

D. Ma. A Coach!

[Exit. *Ser*.]

Enter

Enter Viletta.

Vil. Sir, Sir ! — Bless me ! What's the Matter Sir ! Are not you well ?

D. Ma. Yes, yes ! — I am — that is — ha !

Vil. I have brought you a Letter Sir.

D. Ma. What Business can he have for a Coach ?

Vil. I have brought you a Letter, Sir, from Octavio.

D. Ma. To me ?

Vil. No Sir, to my Mistress — he Charged me to deliver it immediately, for he said it concern'd her Life and Fortune.

D. Ma. How ! Let's see it — there's what I promis'd thee — be gone ! What can this be now ?

Reads. The Person whom your Father Ignorantly designs you to Marry is a known Cheat, and an Impostor ; the True Don Philip, who is my Intimate Friend, will immediately appear with the Corrigidor, and fresh Evidence against him : I thought this Advice, though from one you hate, would be well receiv'd if it came time enough, and prevent your Ruine.

Octavio.

O ! my Heart ! This Letter was not design'd to fall into my Hands — I am frighted — I dare not think on't.

Re-enter the Servant.

Serv. Sir, Your Man is not within.

Hyp. Careless Rascals, to be out of the way when my Life's at Stake — Prithce do thou go and see if thou canst get me any Post-Horses.

D. Ma. Post-Horses !

Enter Rosal.

Ros. O dear Sir ! what was the matter ?

D. Ma. What made 'em Quarrel Sir ?

Ros. What made 'em Quarrel Sir ?

D. Ma. What Child !

Ros. What was it about Sir ? You look concern'd.

D. Ma. I am concern'd, but not about you — I am concern'd for my Daughter.

Ros. What's the matter right then Sir ?

D. Ma. I am concern'd for my Daughter — I am concern'd for my Daughter.

Ros. What's the matter right then Sir ?

D. Ma. I am concern'd for my Daughter — I am concern'd for my Daughter.

Ros. What's the matter right then Sir ?

D. Ma. I am concern'd for my Daughter — I am concern'd for my Daughter.

Ros. What's the matter right then Sir ?

D. Ma. I am concern'd for my Daughter — I am concern'd for my Daughter.

Ros. What's the matter right then Sir ?

D. Ma. I am concern'd for my Daughter — I am concern'd for my Daughter.

D. Ma. But what occasion have you for Post-Horses Sir?

Hyp. Something happens a little cross, Sir.

D. Ma. Pray what is it?

Hyp. I'll tell you another time Sir.

D. Ma. Another time Sir — Pray satisfy me now.

Hyp. Lord Sir, when you see a Man's out of Humour.

D. Ma. Sir, it may be I'm as much out of Humour as you, and I must tell you, I don't like your Behaviour, and I'm resolv'd to be satisfied.

Hyp. Sir what is't you would have?

[Peculiarly.]

D. Ma. Look you Sir, in short I have receiv'd a Letter.

Hyp. Well Sir!

D. Ma. I wish it may be well Sir.

Hyp. Bless me Sir! what is the Matter with you?

D. Ma. Matter Sir! — in short I'm almost afraid, and ashamed to tell you, — but if you must needs know, — there's the Matter Sir.

[Gives the Letter.]

Enter Don Luis.

D. Lu. Uncle I am your Humble Servant.

D. Ma. I am glad to see you Nephew.

D. Lu. I receiv'd your Invitation, and am come to pay my Duty: But here I have met with the most surprizing News.

D. Ma. Pray what is it?

D. Lu. Why, first your servant told me my young Cousin was to be Married to Day to Don Philip de la Torre, and just as I was Entering your Doors, who shou'd I meet but Don Philip with the Corrigidor, and several Witnesses to prove, it seems, That the person whom you were just going to marry my Cousin to, has usurp'd his Name, betray'd you, Robb'd him, and is in short a Rank Impostor.

Hyp. So, now it's come home to him.

D. Ma. Dear Nephew don't Torture me, are you sure you know *D. Philip* when you see him?

D. Lu. Know him Sir? Were not we School-fellows, Fellow-Collegians, and Fellow-Travellers?

D. Ma. But are you sure you mayn't have forgot him neither?

D. Lu. You might as well ask me if I had not forgot you Sir.

D. Ma. But one Question more, and I am dumb for ever — Is that He?

D. Lu. That Sir! No, nor the least like him, — But pray why this Concern, I hope we are not come too late to prevent the Marriage.

D. Ma. Oh! Oh! O! O! My poor Child.

Ref. Oh!

[Gives the Letter.]

Enter Vilotta.

Vil. What's the Matter Sir?

D. Ma. Ah! Look to my Child.

D. Lu. Is this the Villain then that has impos'd on you?

Hyp. Sir I am this Ladys Husband, and while I am sure that Name can't be taken from me, I shall be contented with Laughing at any other; you or your Party dare give me.

D. Ma. Oh!

D. Lu. Nay then within there! ——— such a Villain ought to be made an Example.

Enter Corrigidor, and Officers with Don Philip, Octavio, Flora, and Trappanti.

O Gentlemen, we're undone! All comes too late; my poor Cousin's Married to the Impostor.

D. Phi. How!

Off. Confusion!

D. Ma. O! O!

D. Phi. That's the Person Sir, and I demand your Justice.

Off. And I.

Flo. And all of us.

D. Ma. Will my Cares never be over?

Cor. Well Gentlemen, let me rightly understand what 'tis you Charge him with, and I'll Commit him immediately. — First Sir, you say these Gentlemen all know you to be the true *Don Philip*.

D. Lu. That Sir, I presume my Oath will prove.

Off. Or mine.

Flo. And mine.

Tr. Ay, and mine too Sir.

D. Ma. Where shall I hide this shameful Head!

Flo. And for the Robbery, that I can prove upon him: He confest'd to me at *Toledo*, he Stole this Gentleman's Portmantue there to carry on his Design upon this Lady, and agreed to give me a Third part of her Fortune for my Assistance, which he refusing to Pay as soon as the Marriage was over, I thought my self oblig'd in Honour to discover him.

Hyp. Well Gentlemen you may Insult me if you please; but I presume you'll hardly be able to prove that I am not Married to the Lady, or havn't the best Part of her Fortune in my Pocket: So do your worst, I own my Ingenuity, and am Proud on't.

D. Ma. Ingenuity, Abandon'd Villain — But Sir, before you send him to Jail, I desire he may return the Jewels I gave him as part of my Daughters Portion.

Gar. That can't be Sir — since he has Married the Lady, her Fortune's Lawfully his ; all we can do, is to Prosecute him for Robbing this Gentleman.

D. Ma. O that ever I was Born !

Hyp. Return the Jewels Sir, if you don't Pay me the rest of her Fortune to Morrow Morning, you may chance to go to Jail before me.

D. Ma. O that I were Buried ! Will my Cares never be over ?

Hyp. They are pretty near it Sir, you can't have much more to trouble you.

Cor. Come Sir, if you please, I must desire to take your Affidavit in Writing.

[Goes to the Table with Flora.]

D. Phi. Now Sir ! you see what your own Rashness has brought you to. How shall I be star'd at when I give an Account of this to my Father, or your Friends in *Sevil* ? You'll be the Publick Jest, your Understanding, or your Folly will be the Mirth of every Table.

D. Ma. Pray forbear Sir.

Hyp. Keep it up Madam.

[Aside to Ros.]

Ros. Oh Sir ! How wretched have you made me ? Is this the Care you have taken of me for my Blind Obedience to your Commands ? This my Reward for Filial Duty ?

D. Ma. Ah ! my Poor Child.

Ros. But I deserve it all for ever listening to your Barbarous Proposal, when my Conscience might have told me, my Vows and Person in Justice and in Honour were the wrong'd *Offenders*.

D. Ma. Oh ! Oh !
Ros. Can she Repent her Falseness then, at last ? Is't possible ? Then I am Wounded too ! O my poor Undone *Rosara* [Goes to her.]
Ungrateful, Cruel ! Perjur'd Man ! How canst thou bear to see the Light, after this Heap of Ruin thou hast rais'd, thy tearing thus assunder the most Solemn Vows of Plighted Love ?

D. Ma. Oh don't Insult me ! I deserve the worst you can say, — I am a Miserable Wretch, and I Repent me !
Ros. Repent ! Canst thou believe whole Years of Sorrow will At-
to thy Crime ? No, Groan on, Sigh, and Weep away thy Life to come, and when the Stings, and Horrors of thy Conscience have laid thy Tortur'd Body in the Grave — then ! then ! — as thou dost me, when 'tis too late, I'll Pity thee.

Vil. So, Here's the Lady in Tears. the Lover in Rage, the Old Gentleman out of his senses, most of the Company Distracted, and the Bridegroom in a fair way to be Hang'd, — The merriest Wedding that ever I saw in my Life.

[To Hyp.]

Cor. Well Sir, Have you any thing to say before I make your Warrant ?

Hyp. A Word or two, and I obey you Sir, — Gentlemen I have reflected on the Folly of my Action, and foresee the Disquiets I am like

like to undergo in being this Ladys Husband: Therefore, as I own my self the Author of all this seeming Ruin and Confusion, so I am willing (desiring first the Officers may withdraw) to offer something to the General Quiet.

Off. What can this mean?

N. Phi. Pshaw! some new Contrivance — Let's be gone.

D. Luis. Stay a Moment, it can be no harm to hear him — Sir will you oblige us?

Cor. Wait without — [Exeunt Officers.

Vil. What's to be done now 'trow?

Tra. Some smart thing I warrant you: The little Gentleman has a Notable Head, faith.

Flo. Nay Gentlemen thus much I know of him, That if you can but perswade him to be Honest, 'tis still in his Power to make you all amends, and in my Opinion 'tis High Time he shou'd propose it.

D. Ma. Ay 'tis time he were Hang'd indeed: For I know no other Amends he can make us.

Hyp. Then I must tell you Sir, I owe you no Reparation, the Injuries which you Complain of your sordid Avarice, and Breach of Promise here have Justly brought upon you: Had you, as you were Oblig'd in Conscience, and in Nature first given your Daughter with your Heart, she had now been Honourably Happy, and if any, I the only Miserable Person here.

D. Lu. He talks Reason.

D. Phi. I don't think him in the wrong there indeed.

Hyp. Therefore Sir, if you are Injur'd, you may thank your self for't.

D. Ma. Nay Dear Sir — I do confess my Blindness, and cou'd heartily wish your Eyes or mine had dropt out of our Heads before ever we saw one another.

Hyp. Well Sir, (however little you have deserv'd it) yet for your Daughters Sake, if you'll oblige your self by signing this Paper to keep your first Promise, and give her, with her full Fortune, to this Gentleman, I am still Content on that Condition to dis-annul my own Pretences, and Resign her.

Off. Ha! What says he?

D. Lu. This is strange.

D. Ma. Sir I don't know how to Answer you: For I can never believe you'll have Good Nature enough to Hang your self out of the way to make Room for him.

Hyp. Then Sir to let you see I have not only an honest Meaning, but an Immediate Power too to make good my Word, I first Renounce all Title to her Fortune: These Jewels which I receiv'd from you, I give him Free Possession of, and now Sir, the rest of her Fortune you owe him with her Person.

Off.

Off. I am all Amazement !

D. Lu. What can this End in ?

D. Phi. I am surpriz'd indeed.

D. Ma. This is Unaccountable I must Confess — But still Sir, if you do disannul your Pretences, how you'll persuade that Gentleman, to whom I am oblig'd in Contract, to part with his. —

D. Phi. That Sir shall be no Lett. I am too well acquainted with the Virtue of my Friend's Title, to Entertain a Thought that can disturb it.

Hyp. Then my Fears are over.

[*Aside.*

Now Sir it only stops at You.

D. Ma. Well Sir, I see the Paper is only Conditional, and since the General Wellfare is concern'd, I won't refuse to lend you my helping Hand to it : But if you should not make your Words good Sir, I hope you won't take I'll if a Man should Poison you.

D. Phi. And Sir let me too warn you how you Execute this Promise ; Your Flattery, and Dissembled Penitence have deceiv'd me once already, which makes me, I confess, a little slow in my Belief ; therefore take heed, expect no second Mercy : For be assur'd of this, I never can forgive a Villain.

Hyp. If I am prov'd one, spare me not, — I ask but this — use me, as you find me.

D. Phi. That you may depend on.

D. Ma. There Sir.

[*Gives Hyp. the Writing Sign'd.*

Ros. Now I Tremble for her.

[*Aside.*

Hyp. And now *Don Philip*, I confess, You are the only Injur'd Person here.

D. Phi. I know not that — do my Friend Right, and I shall Easily Forgive thee.

Hyp. His Pardon, with his Thanks I am sure I shall deserve : But how shall I Forgive my self ? Is there in Nature left a Means that can repair the shameful Sleights, the Insults, and the long Disquiets you have known from Love ?

D. Phi. Let me understand thee.

Hyp. Examine Well your Heart, and if the fierce Resentment of its Wrongs has not Extinguish'd quite the usual soft Compassion there, revive at least one spark of Pity of my Woman's Weakness.

D. Ma. How a Woman !

D. Phi. Whither wouldst thou carry me ?

Hyp. Not but I know you Generous, as the Heart of Love, yet let me doubt even this Low Submission can deserve your Pardon — do not look on me, I cannot bear that you should know me yet — The Extravagant Attempts I have this Day ran through to meet you thus Justly may subject me to your Contempt and Scorn, unless the same forgiving Goodness that us'd to over-look the Failings of *Hypolita*, prove still my Friend, and softens all with the Excuse of Love.

Off.

Off. My Sister! *O Rosara!* *Philip!* *[All seem amazed.]*

D. Ph. O stop this vast Effusion of my Transported Thoughts, & heavy offending Wishes break their Prison through my Eyes, and forfeit on Forbidden Hopes again! Or if my Fears are False, if your Relenting Heart is touch'd at last in Pity of my Enduring Love, be kind at once, speak on, and wake me to the Joy, while I have Sense to Hear you.

Hyp. Nay then I am subdued indeed! Is't possible! Spite of my Follies still your Generous Heart can Love? 'Tis so! Your Eyes Confess it, and my Fears are Dead — Why then should I Blush to let at once the Honest Fullness of my Heart Gush forth — *O Philip — Hypolita is — Yours for Ever.* *[They Advance slowly, and at last Rush into one another's Arms.]*

D. Phi. O Extacy! Distracting Joy! — Do I then live to call you Mine? — Is there an End at last of my Repeated Pangs, my Sighs, my Torments, and my rejected Vows? Is it possible? Is it She? — O let me View thee thus with Aching Eyes, and feed my Eager Sense upon the Transport of thy Love Confess'd! What Kind! — And yet *Hypolita!* — And yet 'tis She! I know her by the busy Pulses at my Heart, which only Love like mine, can feel, and She alone can give. *[Eagerly Embracing Her.]*

Hyp. Now *Philip*, You may Insult our Sexes Pride, for I Confess you have subdued it all in me; I Plead no Merit, but my knowing Yours; I own the Weakness of my Boasted Power, and now am only Proud of my Humility.

D. Phi. O never! Never shall thy Empire Cease. 'Tis not in thy Power to give thy Power away: This last Surprise of Generous Love has bound me to thy Heart a poor Indebted Wretch for ever.

Hyp. No more, the rest the Priest shoud say, — But now our Joy grows Rude, — Here are our Friends, that must be Happy too.

D. Phi. *Luis!* *Octavio*, O my Brother now, Forgive the Hurry of a Transported Heart.

D. Ma. A Woman! And *Octavio's* Sister!

Off. That Heart that does not feel, as 'twere, its own an Exasperated Joy like this, were yet confess'd the Power of Friendship, or of Love. — *[Embracing Him.]*

D. Ma. Have I then been Pledg'd, and Plag'd, and Frighted out of my Wits by a Woman all this while? Odsbud, she is a Notable Contriver! Stand Clear ho! For if I have not a fair Brash at her Lips; nay, if She does not give me the hearty Smack too, Ods-Winds and Thunder, she is not the Good Humour'd Girl I take her for.

Hyp. Come

Hyp. Come Sir, I won't baulk your Good Humour. [*He Kisses her.*
And now I have a Favour to beg of you; You remember your Pro-
mise, only your Blessing here Sir. [*Oth. and Ros. Kneel*

Ed. Ah! I can deny thee nothing, and since I find thou art
not fit for my Girl's Business thy self, Odsrooks, it shall never
be shane out of the Family. — And for Children Heaven Bless you
together — Come I'll give thee her Hand my self, You know
the way to her Heart; and as soon as the Priest has said
Grace, she shall toss you the rest of her Body into the Bargain, —
And now my Cards are over again. —

Oth. We'll study to deserve your Love Sir. — *Ros.* Now *Oth.* do you believe I Lov'd you better than the
Person I was to Marry?

Ed. Kind Creature! You were in her Secret then?

Ros. I was, and she in mine!

Ed. Sister, What Words can thank you?

Hyp. Any that tell me of *Oth.*'s Happiness!

D. Phi. My Friend successful too! Then my Joys are Double —

But how this Generous Attempt was started first, how it has been
Pursued, and Carried with this Kind Surprise at last, gives me Won-
der equal to my Joy.

Hyp. Here's one that at more Leisure shall Inform you all: She
was ever a Friend to your Love, has had a hearty Share in the Fa-
tigue, and now I am bound in Honour to give her part of the Gar-
land too.

D. Phi. How, She?

Hyp. Trusty *Flora* Sir, at your Service; I have had many a Battle
with my Lady upon your Account: But I always told her we should
do her Business at last.

D. Phi. Another Metamorphosis! Brave Girls, Faith Odsrooks
we shall have 'em make Campaigns shortly.

D. Phi. Take this as Earnest of my Thanks, in *Sevil* I'll provide
for thee.

Hyp. Nay here's another Accomplice too, Confederate I can't say:
For Honest *Trappanti* did not know but that I was as great a Rogue
as himself.

Ed. It's a Folly to Lye; I did not indeed Madam, — But the
World cannot say I have been a Rogue to your Ladyship — And
if you had not parted with your Money.

Hyp. Thou hadst not parted with thy Honesty.

Ed. Right Madam, but how should a poor Naked Fellow resist,
when he had so many Pistoles held against him? [*Shows Money.*

D. Phi. Ay, ay, Well sold Lad.

Ed. Ha! A Tempting Bait indeed! Let him oile to Marry me a-
gain if he dares.

[*Aside.*

D. Phi. Well *Trappanti*, thou hast been Serviceable however, and I'll think of thee.

Oth. Nay I am his Debtor too.

Tra. Ah! there's a very Easie way, Gentlemen, to Reward me; and since you partly owe your Happinefs to my Roguery, I shou'd be very proud to owe mine only to your Generosity.

Oth. As how, pray?

Tra. Why, Sir, I find by my Constitution, that it is as Natural to be in Love as an Hungry, and that I han't a jot less Stomach than the best of my Betters; And though I have often thought a Wife but Dining every Day upon the same Dish, Yet, methinks, it's better than no Dinner at all. And for my part, I had rather have no Stomach to my Meat, than no Meat to my Stomach. Upon which Considerations, Gentlemen and Ladies, I desire you will use your Interest with *Madona* here — to let me Dine at her Ordinary.

D. Ma. A pleasant Rogue, Faith! Odszooks, the Jade shall have him. Come, Hussy he's an Ingenious Person.

Vil. Sir I don't understand his stuff; when he speaks plain I know what to say to him.

Tra. Why then in plain Terms, Lett me a Lease of your Tenement, — Marry me.

Vil. Ay now you say something — I was afraid by what you said in the Garden, You had only a Mind to be a wicked Tenant at Will.

Tra. No, No, Child, I have no Mind to be turn'd out at a Quarter's VVarning.

Vil. Well, There's my Hand — and now meet me as soon as you will with a Canonical Lawyer, and I'll give you possession of the rest of the Premises.

D. Ma. Odszooks, And well thought of, I'll send for one presently, Here, you Sirrah, run to Father *Benedict* again, tell him his VVork don't hold here, his last Marriage is dropt to pieces, but now we have got better Tackle, he must come and stitch two or three fresh Couple together as fast as he can.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the Play-house Musick are come.

D. Ma. Ah! They cou'd never take us in a better time — let 'em Enter — You're welcome Gentlemen — come no Ceremony, away with it, — Ladies, and — Sons and Daughters, *for I think you're all a-kin to me now, will you be pleas'd to sit.

[After the Entertainment.]

D. Ma. Come Gentlemen, now our Collation waits us.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the Priest is come.

D. Ma. That's well, we'll dispatch him presently.

D. Phi. Now my *Hypolita*.

*Let our Example teach Mankind to Love,
From Thine, the Fair their Favours may Improve,
To the Quick Pains you give our Joys we owe,
Till Those we Feel, These we can never know,
But warm'd with Hope from my Success,
Even in the Height of all its Miseries;
O! Never let a Virtuous Mind despair,
For Constant Hearts are Love's peculiar Care.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Mongst all the Rules the Ancients had in Vogue,
 We find no mention of an Epilogue.
 Which plainly shews they're Innovations brought
 Since Rules, Design, and Nature were forgot.
 The Custom therefore our next Play shall break,
 But now a Joyful Motive bids us speak.
 For while our Arms return with Conquest home,
 While Children prattle Vigo, and the Boom,
 Is't fit, the Mouth of all Mankind, the Stage, be dumb?
 While the proud Spaniards read Old Annals o're,
 And on the Leaves in Lazy Safety pore,
 Essex and Rawleigh Thunder on their Shoar.
 Again their Donships start, and mend their Speed,
 With the same Fear of their Fore-Fathers Dead.
 While Amadis de Gaul Laments in vain,
 And wishes his Young Quixot out of Spain.
 While Forreign Forts are but beheld and Sciz'd,
 While English Hearts Tumultuously are pleas'd,
 Shall we, whose sole Subsistence purely flows
 From Minds in Joy, or undisturb'd Repose:
 Shall We behold each Face with Pleasure glow,
 Unthankful to the Arms that made 'em so?
 Shall We not Say—
 Old English Honour now Revives again
 Mem'rably Fatal to the Pride of Spain,
 But hold—While Ann Repeats the Vengeance of Eliza's Reign.
 For to the Glorious Conduct sure that drew
 A Senate's Grateful Vote Our Adoration's due.
 From that alone all other Thanks are poor,
 The Old Triumphant Romans ask'd no more,
 And Rome indeed gave all within its Power,
 But your Superiour Stars, that knew too well
 You English Heroes should Old Rome's Excel;
 To Crown your Arms beyond the Bribes of Spoil.
 Rais'd English Beauty to Reward your Toil:
 Tho' Seiz'd of All the Rifled World had lost,
 So fair a * Circle Rome could never Boast.
 Proceed Auspicious Chiefs, Inflame the War,
 Pursue your Conquests, and possess the Fair:
 That Ages may Record of Them and You,
 They only could Inspire, what You alone cou'd Io.

[*To the Boxes

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